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JULY 13, 1981 Vol. 118 No. 2 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Years after the end of the war, the plight of the Viet Nam veteran in this country remains a painful and emotional subject. For the TIME correspondents who worked on this week's revealing cover story it also proved to be the source of a moving assignment. Boston Bureau Chief Barry Hillenbrand, who covered Viet Nam for TIME from 1972 to 1974, discovered that his war experience provided an important link with the veterans he met. Says Hillenbrand: "For months after leaving Indochina, the innocent whoosh of a water heater could trigger the memory of a rocket attack. It was not hard for me to know how veterans felt when they returned." New York Bureau Chief Peter Stoler, who served as an infantryman in Korea for 14 months, was also able to bring a soldier's point of view to his conversations with the head of Viet Nam Veterans of America. In Washington, D.C., Correspondent David Jackson spent time with debilitated victims of the toxic herbicide Agent Orange and reported on their disheartening battle with the federal bureaucracy. Says Jackson: "I understood the hurdles that veterans face when their fears, and sometimes even their symptoms, aren't enough to get them satisfactory answers."

DIANA WALKER

Hillenbrand in Viet Nam in 1973; Jackson and veteran in Washington

The story brought some TIME reporters face to face with the generational ironies of the war. Correspondent Jeff Melvoin talked with a Navy veteran in Los Angeles who was his own age, 28: "I realized that at the same time I was flying to Harvard for my freshman year, he was on a ship steaming for Viet Nam." Atlanta Correspondent Anne Constable, who demonstrated against the war as a student at Simmons College, was struck by "how antiwar politics had prevented me and my generation from separating the war from the warrior. I hope we can finally welcome them home."

The story was researched by Eileen Chiu and Brigid O'Hara-Forster and written by Senior Writer Lance Morrow, who wrote a much acclaimed Essay on Viet Nam veterans (TIME, June 1). Says Morrow: "Viet Nam was a shattering blow to this country. Americans are slowly beginning to face that complicated era and are giving Viet Nam veterans the help, acknowledgment and respect that they deserve."

John a. Meyer

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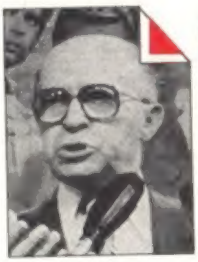

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Out of the fifty-nine entries, nine were chosen for final judging, and three were selected as the top three finalists. These three entries were submitted by Mr. Vilim Vasata of the Federal Republic of Germany, Mr. Bruno Grasswill of Australia, and Mr. Fred Burton of the United States.

However, it was the decision of the judges that there was no clear first, second or third place winner and that the prize money should therefore be divided equally among the three finalists.

To the three and all the other designers who participated in the design contest, we at Sony say, thank you. Your response to our call for entries was most gratifying.

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Mr. Vilim Vasata, Federal Republic of Germany.

Mr. Bruno Grasswill, Australia.

Mr. Fred Burton, U.S.A.

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Letters

Israeli Attack

To the Editors:

In just a few minutes Israel did more for the nonproliferation of atomic weapons by destroying Iraq's nuclear reactor [June 22] than all the treaties have done in all these years.

Liviu Brill
Newton, Mass.

Why does an oil-rich country like Iraq need a nuclear reactor? Certainly not to produce electricity.

Berklee Robins
Fairport, N.Y.

Iraq's Saddam Hussein, who invaded Iran, isn't known for his peace-keeping efforts. For Menachem Begin this assault wasn't politicking, it was survival.

Marty Siders
Pacifica, Calif.

What if Cuba had a nuclear plant that produced fissile materials suitable for constructing nuclear weapons? Would the U.S. have tried diplomacy?

Charles Margolis
Cincinnati

I am distressed by the worldwide condemnation of Israel for the destruction of the Iraqi reactor. Yet I prefer reproach to expressions of pity had Israel suffered an atomic bombardment.

William Braiterman
Hadera, Israel

I lost my Jewish parents in Treblinka and endured twelve years of Israeli citizenship, including combat in three wars. Nevertheless, I emigrated from Israel in disgust with Begin's settlement policy on the West Bank. The raid on the Iraqi reactor was pure electioneering.

Yehuda Hirsh
Rijswijk, The Netherlands

President Reagan should have reminded Prime Minister Begin that his paranoia only strengthens the belief that Israel is, in the minds of its enemies, war prone. Until Israel is guided by cooler and saner leadership, the U.S. should not send it so much as a firecracker.

Owen Baldwin
Kingston, Mass.

Deporting Haitians

The argument that we must take in Haitians who are fleeing their country [June 22] because we admitted Cubans makes no sense. With that logic we would have to admit everybody. The U.S. is not obligated to destroy itself in a futile effort to save other countries from suicidal overpopulation problems.

John Clark
Englewood, N.J.

So illegal Mexicans and Cubans are permitted to pour into this country by the thousands, but we deport the Haitians? I say that's racism.

Helen Rice Magee
Tarzana, Calif.

Tempering Timerman

The acrimonious debate over Jacobo Timerman's views [June 22] should not detract attention from the plight of thousands in the jails of Argentina. Quiet diplomacy may suit President Reagan, but we ordinary citizens must call attention to the fact that the detention of many Argentines without charges and for indefinite terms violates the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and Argentina's constitution as well as the conscience of concerned people everywhere.

Leonard A. Gordon
New York City

The tragedy of Timerman's ordeal is more than his personal anguish. The Jewish community of Argentina and others should recognize this fact. The ovens of anti-Semitism may be waiting again, but no Jew will ever dig his own grave or walk placidly into those ovens.

Ina R. Gottlieb
Atlanta

Although I do not justify indiscriminate violence from the right or left, I do regret that Timerman is carrying his personal vengeance to the point of forgetting that Argentina has been and is a haven to thousands of Jews. They are prospering physically, emotionally, intellectually and economically.

Jose Garcia
Chicago

Rage and Pain

Your article states that "no one knows the cause of Crohn's disease, although researchers suspect that a virus or flaw in the body's immune system may be involved" [June 22]. If "externalized anger and rage" can cause an Adolf Hitler to

In ancient Rome, the best way to beat the high cost of dying was to join a burial club. When you died, the club paid for your funeral and provided for any survivors.

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Letters

act as he did, if it can cause men to attempt to assassinate Presidents and Popes, and shoot blank cartridges at Queens, why cannot "internalized anger and rage" cause the bowels to churn themselves into inflammatory masses, coronary arteries to turn into morbid spasms and bronchial tubes to go into asthmatic constrictions? There are many professionals who believe there may be a great psychosomatic component to Crohn's disease.

David Hertz, M.D.
Encino, Calif.

Mind Your Missives

"Don't Write Any Letters" [June 22] was an amusing Essay—and I'm writing you regardless. But you might have quoted the old verse:

Lives of great men all remind us
As their pages o'er we turn,
That we're apt to leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn!

Erika Strauss
Hightstown, N.J.

Your Essay on letter writing brought to mind the quotation: "Would that mine enemy would write a letter."

Ralph W. Snyder
Indianapolis

Most people are reluctant to write letters because they feel they must produce a masterpiece every time they pick up a pen. It usually turns out that the receiver is so happy to get a letter that the literary style is ignored.

Patrick Moran
Boxborough, Mass.

Annotating Adler

The great instructors are not those who can teach motivated students with high IQs like Mortimer Adler's group as described in American Scene [June 22]. The great teacher is one who can reach the child from a broken home, or from a family with alcoholism, or with a criminal record. Let's see Adler attempt the same discussion with a girl who has been sexually abused by her stepfather, or a boy so stoned he is barely able to pronounce his name. If he can succeed with these youths, then I will be impressed.

Doug Beers
Holcomb, N.Y.

Teaching in a small town, I was so amazed at the potential of my high school students that I brought Swift and Voltaire into a great books curriculum. Such stuff is food for American youngsters and I found they are hungry.

Sally Ketchum
Elk Rapids, Mich.

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June, 1981

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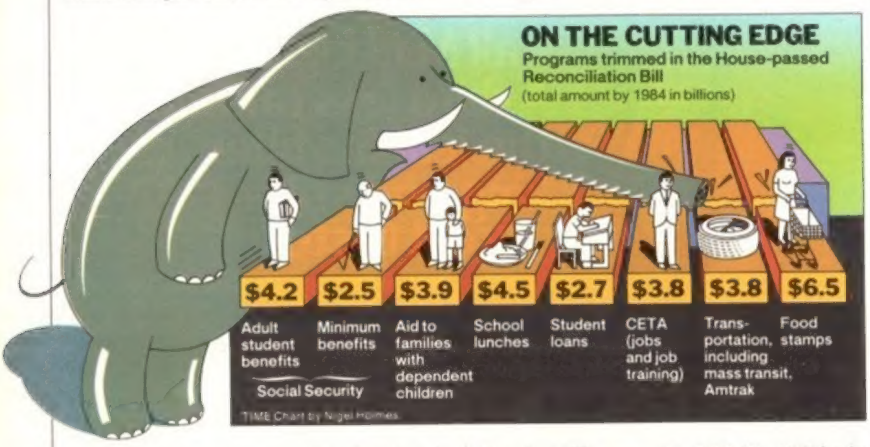
This May Hurt a Little

Anxiety, and some surprises, as the extent of Reagan's revolution sinks in

The early days of a revolution are a time of pervasive confusion. A sense of sweeping change exhilarates some people, frightens others and causes nearly all to question anxiously just what the changes eventually will mean for the shape and texture of their own lives. So it was in Week 1 of the Reagan revolution in U.S. economic and social policy.

The general outlines of that revolution are clear—and striking—enough. The mammoth budget bills, passed by Senate and House just before the July Fourth congressional recess, reverse the direction in which Government domestic policy has been heading since 1933. After almost 50 years of expanding federal spending to cushion the poor, elderly and disadvantaged against the shocks of economic life, Washington will reduce both the numbers of people who qualify to participate in federal social programs and, in many cases, the size of the benefits they receive. The goal is to reduce federal nonmilitary spending by nearly $40 billion in fiscal 1982—and as much as $145 billion over the next three years—below the figures that would have been reached if the Government had let its domestic programs in effect run right along "on automatic pilot." The results the Administration hopes for: a balanced budget by 1984, a lowering of inflationary pressure and, in combination with deep tax cuts, a revival of economic growth.

But the House and Senate bills are so broad—they reduce planned expenditures for some 200 federal programs, and in the process amend scores of existing laws—that extensive analysis will be required to determine just what they contain. Some provisions, though potentially important, escaped national attention during the debate *(see box)*. Moreover, in the Democratic-controlled House, after Administration supporters won a procedural fight, they produced in a pell-mell rush a substitute for a bill that had made less draconian reductions in social programs than Reagan wanted. Their hastily drafted proposals, which few Congressmen read, were filled with strikeovers, indecipherable hand-scrawled passages and some outright errors. Said a frustrated House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill: "Nobody knows what's in their bill."



On his way to the podium to present the bill, Ohio Republican Delbert Latta, co-author of the Administration's proposal, discovered that the drafters had left out any money for bilingual education. He penciled in a sum, but perhaps mistakenly made it $85 million rather than the $157 million requested by President Reagan and approved by the Republican-controlled Senate. The House bill contains no funds at all for Project Head Start, which prepares poor children for school, even though Reagan in February had named it as a program he did not want to cut, much less eliminate; Republican leaders decided to deal with Head Start funding later. Correcting errors and oversights will be one big task for a House-Senate conference.

Despite such mistakes, the final fight on the House floor provided a fair index of the philosophic differences between the Administration and its Democratic opponents. By the time that battle began, Congressmen of both parties had agreed to make about 85% of the 1982 budget cuts Reagan sought, slashing urban mass transit subsidies, long-term unemployment compensation and milk for nursing mothers, among many other programs. But the majority of Democrats fought hard to limit reductions in some major "entitlement" programs, which provide benefits for anyone who meets certain qualifications. The defenders were overridden by a coalition of Republicans and conservative Southern Democrats on these major points:

Food Stamps. Most House Democrats wanted to cut this program by $1.5 billion next fiscal year; the conservative coalition deepened the reduction to $1.9 billion. Under current law, a family of four earning as much as $14,000 a year can qualify for stamps; that income ceiling will be lowered to roughly $11,000, and other provisions will reduce benefits even for some families that earn less.

Aid to Families with Dependent Children. This most basic of all welfare programs will be reduced by $1.1 billion next year, almost double the cut most Democrats had been willing to make. Eligibility standards will be tightened, and states will be required to set up "workfare" programs under which able-bodied recipients will have to perform community-service work in exchange for their welfare checks.

Housing Subsidies. Only 162,500 subsidized housing units will be started next year, *vs.* the 176,000 that most House Democrats would have provided and the 225,000 under current law. Also, the portion of the rent that tenants pay will be increased over the next five years to equal 30% of their incomes, *vs.* 25% now.

Student Loans. Reagan's forces succeeded in setting up a strict "needs test" before a college student can qualify for a Government-guaranteed loan, which is now available to almost anybody. Among other things, a student will have to demonstrate that his or her family is making a "contribution" to paying the cost of the education.

Administration backers made some concessions to win their victory. At the last minute, they withdrew a proposal to set a strict limit on Washington contributions to the federal-state Medicaid program that pays many hospital and doctor bills for low-income patients. That was

Affected by budget cuts and economic ills: idle elderly in Miami Beach

A family of five who subsist on welfare payments in Dover, Ark.

Jobless steelworkers show anger at layoffs in Braddock, Pa.

A distressed store illustrates the depths of Detroit's slump

one of the rare Administration proposals that provoked Republican rebellion. some G.O.P. Congressmen from the Northeast and Midwest notified the White House that they could not go along because they feared their financially hard-pressed states would have to pick up an unbearable share of the costs. Even so, the House voted to cut federal contributions to Medicaid by roughly 7%, or about $1.1 billion, over the next three years.

Figuring out just who will be hurt by the many reductions, and how badly, is a task complicated by endless partisan wrangling. Two examples: the $122 minimum monthly benefit paid to Social Security retirees will be phased out more quickly than most Democrats wanted. Administration supporters contend that this measure will primarily affect "double dippers"—civil service or military employees who retire early, collect generous federal pensions and then work just long enough in other jobs to qualify for the minimum Social Security benefit. Democrats claim that the change will reduce benefits for some 3 million deserving elderly people, many of whom have incomes barely above the poverty line (now set at just over $4,275 for an individual). A $1.4 billion reduction in federal spending for school lunches next year will, in the Republican interpretation, force families who can afford to pay for their children's meals to do so, while it benefits the "truly needy"; Democrats insist that the cut will end free or cheap lunches for millions of children who risk malnutrition without them.

Assessing the impact of the spending cuts is made vastly more difficult because of another major departure: the lumping of three dozen-odd education, social-service and community-aid programs (the exact number will have to be fixed by House-Senate conference) into four "block grants" that states can, within broad limits, distribute any way they see fit. The move primarily is a step toward Reagan's philosophical goal of lessening Washington's clout in American society. But it is supposed to save money too: less will be allotted to the block grants than would have been spent on the programs separately.

Who will bear the burden of that consolidation depends on the action of state legislatures. They will have to decide how to allocate the reduced funds among, say, the Meals-on-Wheels program for the housebound elderly, transportation for the disabled and services to victims of child abuse—and even whether to continue some of the programs at all. Generally, mayors and other city leaders fear that state legislatures will slash programs benefiting city dwellers more deeply than those popular with rural and suburban residents. "Big-city school programs are chewed up by Reagan's block-grant concept," says Forrest Rieke, chairman of the Portland, Ore., school board. "It pits us against the downstate interests, and their folks in the legislature definitely have us outnumbered."

In Detroit, already depressed by the auto industry slump, Arthur Jefferson, su-

Photographs by J.P. Laffont

perintendent of the city schools, counts on receiving only $50 million of federal money next academic year, down from $65 million in 1980-81. Remedial reading and math programs will be among those to suffer most, he says. Cutbacks in federal programs not being lumped into block grants will hurt too, of course. St. Louis has a waiting list of 10,000 people eager to move into subsidized housing, but expects to get only 250 subsidized housing units next fiscal year.

The reductions will surely have some unintended side effects at the local level. In Ohio and Florida, officials are talking apprehensively of raising state or local taxes to replace some of the money not coming from Washington.

The big political question is whether Reagan's success in putting together an alliance of 188 Republicans and 29 mostly Southern conservative Democrats to win the budget battle gives his supporters effective control of the House as well as the Senate. In the wake of the heated budget fight, some of Reagan's aides crowed about having formed a new "philosophic coalition," and some losing Democrats moaned that the President was converting Congress into a rubber-stamp body that would do whatever he wished.

Both contentions seem exaggerated. To win the budget vote, Reagan had to put on a display of wheeling, dealing and horse trading not seen since the days of Lyndon Johnson. To woo a handful of Southern Democrats, the Administration agreed to phase out gradually, rather than eliminate in 1982, federal aid to school districts near military bases, many of which are in the South. To hold Northeastern Republicans in line, the Reaganauts went along with

O'Neill working off his frustrations last week

"Nobody knows what's in their bill."

one of the few spending increases in the whole budget: a $400 million rise, to $1.8 billion, in funds to help low-income people buy fuel to heat their homes.

Individual Congressmen were stroked too. Oklahoma Republican Mickey Edwards reminded the White House that he had proposed a candidate to be appointed a U.S. marshal in his state, and Massachusetts Republican Silvio Conte brought up the name of his choice for an Agriculture Department post. Both were assured that their requests were all but approved. Administration strategists even decided to say nothing about their stand on extension of the 1965 Voting Rights Act until a budget bill was on Reagan's desk to be signed into law. That issue had little to do with federal spending, of course—but anything that the White House said could have alienated some Southern conservatives, or Northern liberals, or both, and they just might have vented their annoyance by voting against the budget bill.

Obviously, that kind of all-out effort cannot be exerted on every issue. Leaders of both parties generally expect the Republican–conservative Democratic coalition to hold together on economic issues. In particular, prospects have brightened considerably that Reagan can persuade Congress to enact his proposal to reduce income tax rates 25% over the next three years, the second step in his economic policy revolution, rather than adopt the Democrats' proposal for a two-year, 15% cut.

But on social issues, such as abortion, busing and school prayer, the coalition is not likely to be effective. Says Max Friedersdorf, head of White House congressional lobbying efforts: "Those issues are so emotional, are of such deep personal belief, that they are difficult for the White House or any group to lobby on. It is an area we are wise to stay out of."

Even on economic issues, the durability of the conservative coalition is far from guaranteed. Fundamentally, those Congressmen who voted for Reagan's budget did so less because of horse trading—though that certainly helped—than as a matter of political survival. The President's program is so popular in their districts that they dared not buck it. Says Deputy Democratic House Whip Bill Alexander of Arkansas, in a spirit of resignation: "Most people want the President to get his way because he promises to cure inflation and reduce taxes. The people believe him, so politicians have to."

But will that belief persist after the budget cuts begin to bite, as they certainly will? Said O'Neill, who was in Massachusetts playing golf last week: "Reagan's coalition slipped from 63 Democrats [who voted the President's way on an early budget resolution] to 29, and he had to give tangible goods to get them. He'll slip a hell of a lot further before he's done." Who is right depends on whether the President's program really produces the large, permanent reduction in inflation and the upswing in job-creating growth that are supposed to justify all the sacrifices being imposed on poor and disadvantaged Americans. On the answer hangs not only the permanence of the conservative coalition, but the economic fate of the nation. *—By George J. Church. Reported by Douglas Brew and Johanna McGeary/Washington, with other U.S. bureaus*

Boondoggles and Booby Traps

Tucked away in the fine print of the House budget bill are a number of concealed cuts, bargaining chips, boondoggles and other booby traps that some Congressmen did not even know they were voting for. Among them:

WINNERS

▸ Clinch River Breeder Reactor. This troubled nuclear project in Tennessee (450% cost overrun) got $230 million. One reason: Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker is from Tennessee.

▸ National Aquarium. Once doomed to flounder, it received $400,000 and a new perch at the National Zoo.

▸ National Endowments for the Arts and Humanities. Reagan cut half of their $309 million, but Congress artfully and humanistically restored it.

▸ Yachts. To show he was not just soaking the poor, Reagan said he would initiate new $20 user fees for these luxuries. The plan sank.

LOSERS

▸ Legal Services. A pet ideological target of the Administration, legal aid for the poor was disbarred completely.

▸ National Consumer Cooperative Bank. Another Reagan ideological peeve, this program to finance cooperative buying ($136 million last year) came up with an empty vault.

▸ National Science Foundation. This $1 million research program was deleted by the amendment that restored funds for the Clinch River project.

▸ Nine-Digit Zip Codes. The new budget bans them from federal envelopes, so they will be lost in the mail for a while.

"He Didn't Give Us Anything"

The President's rhetoric fails to impress blacks

It was the toughest audience the Great Communicator had faced since taking the oath of office. At most, 10% of the nation's black voters cast ballots for Ronald Reagan last year, and the President has done nothing since then to gain their confidence. Of the 450 top jobs in his Administration, only about 15 have gone to blacks, and his budget cuts will most immediately and severely affect the nation's poor, who are disproportionately black.

Thus, when the President last week addressed 3,200 delegates to the annual convention of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, in Denver, he faced a skeptical audience. Among other reasons, he had turned down an invitation to address the N.A.A.C.P. last year, claiming that his staff had misplaced the invitation until it was too late for him to change his schedule. Margaret Bush Wilson, head of the N.A.A.C.P. board, alluded to that mishap in introducing Reagan, saying: "I understand that he has a much better staff now, and they do not lose our invitations." Needling him while smiling, she added: "The N.A.A.C.P. does not necessarily subscribe to the views that are about to be expressed."

Nor was Reagan's audience impressed by a sometimes eloquent and even courageous speech. He tried hard to convince the N.A.A.C.P. delegates that federal programs had enslaved blacks instead of helping them. Said the President: "Many in Washington over the years have been more dedicated to making needy people Government dependent, rather than independent. They've created a new kind of bondage. Just as the Emancipation Proclamation freed black people 118 years ago, today we need to declare an economic emancipation." Reagan's essential message: blacks will progress financially only when the entire economy improves. "Rebuilding America's economy is an absolute moral imperative if we're to avoid splitting this society in two, with class against class. We must . . . bring more blacks into the mainstream, and we must do it now." His budget-cutting and tax program will work, Reagan insisted, "because it's aimed at lifting an entire country and not just parts of it."

There were only 13 tepid smatterings of applause during the 28-minute speech. Clearly, the N.A.A.C.P. delegates were less impressed by what he said than by what he failed to say. He did not refer to the specific Administration policies that blacks fear most. These include cutbacks in funds for food stamps, Aid to Families with Dependent Children, school lunches, Medicaid, subsidized housing, job training, small-business loans and general aid to education. He did not mention his plans to funnel federal help through block grants to states, which many blacks consider a retreat to the days when dominant white majorities in state offices denied them equal access to governmental funds. He said nothing encouraging about what blacks see as a federal retreat from affirmative-action programs. Although Reagan described voting as "the most sacred right of free men and women," he did not promise to support extension of the Voting Rights Act of 1965—a law that has put millions of blacks on voting rolls in the South and more than tripled the number of elected black officials.

At the end of his speech, Reagan warmly embraced Margaret Wilson, despite their differences of opinion. Responding to the speech, N.A.A.C.P. Executive Director Benjamin Hooks said he welcomed the opening of a "dialogue," but predicted that Reagan's policies will bring new "hardship, havoc, despair, pain and suffering on blacks and other minorities." That sharp criticism was echoed by other delegates. Said Vincent Chapman, an oil company personnel manager from Des Moines: "We held out hope, but he didn't give us anything. It's all been said before." Coleman Young, the mayor of Detroit, claimed that Reagan's "trickle-down" theory of economics had "failed under Hoover, and it will fail now." The speech, he charged, "added up to an insult." Coretta Scott King, widow of Martin Luther King Jr., deplored Reagan's policies, under which, she argued, "food stamps and school lunches are taken from poor children to finance an arms race."

In interviews across the nation last week, TIME correspondents discovered that this kind of antagonism toward the Administration is growing among blacks. They do not share Reagan's faith that private enterprise will provide jobs and training for unskilled persons who will no longer be helped by federal programs. Contends Carl E. Officer, mayor of East St. Louis, Ill., which is 96% black: "Private enterprise looks at one thing— profits, and profits show up in green, not in black, not in white."

Many black politicians admit that social programs have not fulfilled their hopes, but argue that legislation needs to be more carefully drafted and administered rather than abandoned. They deplore Reagan's lack of alternatives. "Blacks are willing to try anything," says Willie Brown, speaker of the California Assembly. "We don't want to be Chryslers. But he is abolishing CETA and offering a prayer." There is widespread skepticism that local governments will pick up the financial slack as the Federal Government withdraws from some of the subsistence programs.

But what can blacks do as the Reagan policies roll through Congress? Hooks of the N.A.A.C.P. vowed to fight. "We are going out to demonstrate, agitate, remonstrate, educate, selectively buy and wisely vote," he said. The N.A.A.C.P. voted to join an AFL-CIO protest march on Washington in September. Many elderly persons and advocates of women's rights threaten to join a coalition with labor and blacks against the Reagan policies.

The Rev. Joseph Lowery, president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, acidly paraphrased Reagan's speech: "We're not going to put you out of the house, just going to cut off the lights, water and gas. As soon as the economy gets better, we're going to help you turn them back on." Lowery noted that Reagan has not been invited to the S.C.L.C.'s annual convention next month in New Orleans. —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett with Reagan and Richard Woodbury/Denver*

Reagan and Margaret Wilson break the tension with post-speech embrace

"The N.A.A.C.P. does not necessarily subscribe to the views that were expressed."

One Man, One Vote, One Mess

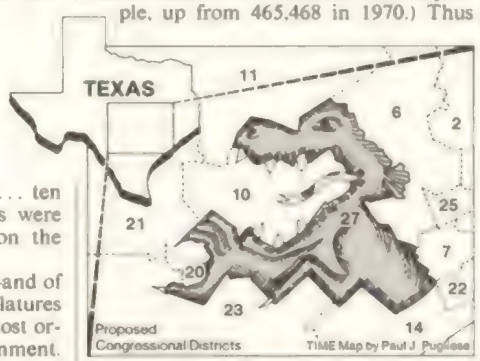
As states try to redistrict, recriminations—and fists—fly

During a late-night session of the Illinois senate last week, Mark Rhoads, the honorable member from Western Springs, rose to address Philip Rock, esteemed president of the chamber. "You son of a bitch," Rhoads roared. He thereupon threw aside his red leather chair, ripped the microphone from his desk and stormed toward Rock with all deliberate speed. A colleague, however, stepped in Rhoads' path and slugged him. The pair tussled for several moments before they were pulled apart. It was the first time that violence had marred the orderly processes of the Illinois legislature since, um ... ten days earlier, when armed officers were called in to break up a brawl on the floor of the house.

The cause of all that passion—and of lesser outbursts in other state legislatures—is a subject guaranteed to put most ordinary citizens to sleep: reapportionment. In state capitols across the country, legislators are wrangling to draw new boundaries for U.S. congressional districts to conform with the 1980 census. (After that, they will reapportion their own state legislatures.) The decennial battle, always a partisan struggle, is especially heated this year: a total of 17 seats must be transferred from ten states in the Northeast and Midwest to eleven states in the West and the South. Those losing seats are New York (five), Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania (two each), and Indiana, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, New Jersey and South Dakota (one each). Gaining seats are Florida (four), Texas (three), California (two), and Arizona, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Tennessee, Utah and Washington (one each).

In addition, population shifts within the states themselves—generally from Democratic urban strongholds to Republican suburban outposts—will threaten dozens of traditionally "safe" Democratic seats. Republicans hope to use the redistricting to help whittle away the current 242-to-190 Democratic majority in the House of Representatives; they even hope to capture control of the House in 1982. "For Democrats, redistricting is an enormous problem," gloats Michigan Representative Guy Vander Jagt, chairman of the National Republican Congressional Committee. "For Republicans, it is an enormous opportunity."

The Democrats are hardly defenseless: they control twice as many statehouses as the Republicans and thus have a larger say in drafting the new districts. In several one-man, one-vote rulings in the early 1960s, however, the Supreme Court decreed that districts within a state must be as nearly equal in population as possible. (An average district should now contain 519,532 people, up from 465,468 in 1970.) Thus the ease with which a state legislature can gerrymander* districts into odd shapes to preserve partisan majorities has diminished greatly. Yet there is still much room for mischief, and both the Democratic and Republican national committees are trying to make sure things go their way. Armed with a $1 million budget, the Republicans are hiring teams of lawyers and computer experts to advise local G.O.P. groups on how to cut the map to the party's advantage; the Democrats, however, plan to spend only $500,000 on their redistricting campaign.



Dragon-shaped 27th Congressional District proposed by state Democrats for Austin

*The word was coined in 1812, when Massachusetts Governor Elbridge Gerry sliced up the state to favor his own party. So peculiar was the shape of one district that opponents described it as a salamander, and one pundit finally dubbed it a "Gerrymander."

The battles promise to be most bruising in the Northeast, which must give up nine seats, and in the Midwest, which must shed eight. Legislators in New York, whose five-seat loss is the largest of any state, will not begin carving up the map until a bipartisan commission finishes redrawing districts by computer.

In Illinois, house Republican leaders finally passed their plan, but the Democratic-controlled senate adjourned after last week's fisticuffs without taking up the proposal—thereby ensuring that the 1980 districts will be drawn in federal court, just as the 1970 maps were. In Indiana, Republican Governor Robert Orr has already signed into law his state's new reapportionment plan, which conveniently dumps three Democratic incumbents into the same district. Even the pro-Republican Indianapolis *News* blasted the G.O.P.-dominated legislature for "basely abusing" its power.

In Ohio, the Cleveland area will almost surely lose a district. Its four Democratic Representatives are already wooing—and bullying—their friends at the statehouse in Columbus. "We're hearing everything from 'Let's think of me' to 'If you don't, we'll get even with you,' " says State Democratic Chairman Paul Tipps. In scissoring their state to make room for a new district, the Republican-controlled state legislature in Arizona may try to snip away west Tucson from Democratic Representative Morris Udall—thus depriving him of some of his most ardent supporters—and give him instead the largely Republican subdivisions that sprout along the city's eastern edge. In California, the struggle may even pit brother against brother: Democratic Representative Phillip Burton may find his San Francisco district enlarged to the north—thus nudging his younger sibling, Democrat John Burton, into heavily Republican farm land. In Missouri, the most vulnerable Congressman is Democrat William Clay, a black whose district has lost 25% of its population since 1970. Says State Representative Fred Williams: "There's no way you can draw him a safe district, unless you take all us blacks in north St. Louis, draw a thin line along Interstate 70 to Kansas City, 250 miles away, and take in all the blacks there." Complains fellow Democratic Representative Richard Gephardt, a white who may indeed be thrown into the same district as Clay: "It's a game of musical chairs, and one of us won't get to sit down."

COURTESY WBBM TV CHICAGO

Democracy in action on the floor of the Illinois senate last week

"It's a game of musical chairs and one of us won't get to sit down."

No Gerrymanders have surfaced yet, but some strange creatures are appearing on the map. In Tennessee, the newly

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CULVER PICTURES

Cartoon of the original Gerrymander

passed congressional scheme boasts districts that uncannily resemble a giraffe, a bird and a snake. Of that last district, which is 300 miles long, State Senator John R. Rucker dryly notes that "a candidate will need a helicopter, a race car and a couple of TV stations to run there." In Texas, the Democratic-controlled state senate drafted a plan that would concede two of the three new seats to the G.O.P. but would also create a dragon-shaped 27th Congressional District around Austin that would be solidly Democratic. Republican Governor William Clements promptly vetoed it.

Texas Republicans, meanwhile, cut a deal with black and Hispanic Democrats that would turn two mostly white Democratic seats in the Dallas area into a heavily black Democratic district and a largely white Republican district. Indeed, though all 17 black members of Congress have lost constituents since 1970, nearly all are expected to survive redistricting. Republicans in their states want to dilute the strength of black votes for Democrats by concentrating blacks in a single, overwhelmingly Democratic district. Says Texas Democratic Chairman Robert Slagle of this new alliance between Republicans and blacks: "It's kind of like the devil converting to Jesus Christ."

The cutting and pasting will go on well into 1982, and even then many districts may end up being drawn in court. If new maps are not drafted before filing deadlines arrive, candidates may have to run at large in statewide contests. Even in the simplest cases, where one party dominates a state, legislative reapportionment is proving to be a major headache. In Iowa, where the Republicans control both houses and the Governor's mansion, the state legislature ruled that a nonpartisan commission redraw the districts with the help of a computer. The embarrassing result: two Republican incumbents were dumped into the same district. "It must have been a Democratic computer," said an aide to Governor Robert Ray. The legislature quickly ignored the computer and decided to redraft its own plan so that none of the state's three Republican Congressmen will be imperiled. —*By James Kelly. Reported by Christopher Ogden/Chicago, with other U.S. bureaus*

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Old Soldier, New Policy

In the body of diplomatic legend that Alexander Haig encountered when he became Secretary of State was the story that France's ex-President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing had twice asked Jimmy Carter whether he would use nuclear weapons if the Soviet Union invaded Western Europe. And twice, the story goes, Carter said no.

Haig is convinced that the report, true or not, long ago permeated the minds of our allies and, of course, found its way to the Kremlin. If he and his boss Ronald Reagan sometimes seem to be needlessly "poking the bear," the reason is rooted partly in that story. Nothing, Haig contends, is more dangerous than a confused bear, one that cannot accurately read U.S. intentions.

In any case, the Secretary believes, the Soviets do not place that much stock in pure talk. Only when we capitalists put our precious money where our mouths are do the Soviets get a message they understand and believe. Thus it is that Haig sees the imminent decisions and action on such issues as the B-1 bomber and the MX missile system as key statements of American foreign policy. After the decisions on military buildup have been firmly made, Haig believes, we may see a new willingness in both Washington and the Kremlin to talk about limiting nuclear weapons.

Haig's ideas of the world rise to the surface in bursts of singular intensity, punctuated by his high-pitched laughter. A few days ago, the Secretary devoured a filet with the gusto of a field commander and downed a good claret with the finesse of an ambassador; he concluded that his foreign policy was in pretty good shape but admitted that his Washington policy needed some repairs. He sees the Soviets as even more concerned than the U.S. about nuclear war. The creaking and groaning heard round the world (nowhere louder than in Washington) as the U.S. changes its attitude about the use of power were to be expected. Beneath the grumbling, Haig claims, there is solid respect, if not endorsement for American policy, particularly from China, which is a force to be used cautiously in our efforts to discourage more Soviet adventures.

Alexander Haig

In Peking, Haig found China's boss, Vice Chairman Deng Xiaoping, feeling let down, the victim of a Carter maneuver: the widely heralded normalization of relations was used for U.S. political gain, but the agreement for credits and technology was never pushed. Deng needed, and got from Haig, a new American response, one that implied action.

But Haig understands that any success with foreign leaders is only part of a total policy campaign, which, to be successful, must have the authority of the White House and the backing of Congress. He admits that he somehow got into unnecessary back-alley scraps over authority and who was supposed to do what, and how well they did it. Meantime, his relationship with the President on policy is beautiful, although Haig watchers still wonder how a man so schooled in staff work and the ways of the bureaucracy could at the same time be so clumsy. Without stating it, Haig supplies an answer. Having lived so much of his life on a staff, he overemphasized that aspect of his work when he took on a job in which he was supposed to soar above squabbles over turf. He is changing his ways, he says.

Haig sees better rapport with a restrained Soviet Union as the U.S. gets stronger, a closer working relationship with friendly Arab nations that will still allow for the special understanding with Israel and a new Latin American policy beginning to move forward. All of this, Haig believes, is dependent in one way or another on the renewed economic might of the U.S. He believes that Reagan's insistence on addressing that concern first is the genius of the new Administration's foreign policy.

That policy is yet in infancy, more a set of purposes and promises than fact. It cannot be defined now in a speech or handed down in a White Paper. Foreign policy must emerge from the minds of the many men and women involved, as they respond to events. If some day the old soldier can write in his memoirs that the U.S. achieved what he proposed during the week of the nation's 205th birthday, then Al Haig will have done his duty and more, once again.

Marian and His Curious Friend

Neighbors, yes. And spies?

To a casual observer, William Holden Bell appeared to be the very model of a hard-working, leisure-loving Los Angeles suburbanite. A U.C.L.A.-trained radar engineer, Bell, 61, had put in 29 years with Hughes Aircraft Co., a major defense contractor once owned by the late Howard Hughes. Together with his pretty second wife Rita, a Belgian-born Pan American airlines cabin attendant, and her nine-year-old son from an earlier marriage, Bell lived in a fairly ordinary-looking condominium complex in Playa del Rey. It had the usual Southern California accouterments—tennis courts, pools, saunas and Jacuzzis. One of his neighbors there was Polish-born Marian Zacharski, 29, an affable, fast-climbing executive of the Chicago-based Polish-American Machinery Corp. Since both men enjoyed tennis and watching their children play in the pool, there seemed to be nothing extraordinary about the friendship between them. Nothing, that is, until both were arrested last week by the FBI.

What a casual observer would not have noticed about Bell and Zacharski —and their neighbors certainly missed —was a tale out of John le Carré: international espionage, replete with secret passwords, a document-copying camera, clandestine meetings with foreign agents, and payoffs made in gold. Zacharski, the FBI alleged last week after six years of not-so-casually observing him, was an undercover operative for the Polish intelligence service. According to a court affidavit filed by the bureau, he had paid Bell about $110,000 over the past three years to photograph highly classified documents detailing Hughes Aircraft radar and weapons systems. The film was passed to Polish agents and ultimately, it is believed, to the Soviet Union.

The FBI got wind of Bell's intrigues about a year ago and obtained his confession and cooperation in the investigation shortly before his arrest. Bell's motive, said Agent John Hoos, was "definitely monetary." Despite a $50,000 salary, Bell said he had been having "financial problems" when he first met his neighbor about three years ago. Zacharski offered to help him out. Equipped by his new friend with a movie camera capable of taking single-frame exposures, the Hughes engineer began photographing unclassified company documents in exchange for cash and gold coins.

Gradually, Bell later confessed, his position became more compromised, and he was required to record more highly classified plans of advanced radar and weapons systems. Bell's involvement grew deeper still in late 1979, when Zacharski told him he would have to start delivering the film directly to Polish agents overseas. During the next year and a half, Bell made three trips to Austria and Switzerland, where Polish agents would identify themselves to him with the code phrase, "Aren't you a friend of Marian?"

Hughes Aircraft suspects: Bell and Zacharski

Secret passwords and payoffs in gold.

The case of Marian and his friend is just the latest example of what the FBI calls "technology transfer"—the continuing effort by foreign countries, particularly the Soviet Union, to grab American technical know-how in whatever way they can. The methods, says FBI Spokesman Roger Young, "range from the legal and overt to the covert and illegal. Sometimes they are crude to the point of a car pulling up to a technological trade show and just loading up with free literature." Because of loosely enforced Commerce and State Department regulations, says Young, "only rarely can we catch anyone as calculating as Bell." According to Kenneth Kaiser, an agency counterintelligence supervisor in Chicago, Poland is particularly active in the pirating of corporate data. Says Kaiser: "While the Soviet KGB gets all the press, Polish intelligence is perhaps superior. They, however, could care less about military intelligence; they want economic and scientific secrets. Their objective is to short-circuit development costs and undersell us." And, as the Zacharski case suggests, they are good at finding friends in the right places. ■

Scared to Death

Naked violence in New York

Just before dawn, a pack of Times Square ruffians comes running wildly after a terrified, nearly naked young man. The mob is close behind, screeching, cursing, lobbing bottles and beer cans at the victim . . .

In New York City it is not unusual, at any time and in most places, to come upon a movie crew filming an incredible scene. But this demented episode was disturbingly real. At 5 a.m. on June 27 Gerard Coury, 26, straight-arrow son of a middle-class family, was chased by a gang of some 40 youths into a subway station as onlookers jeered him. He leapt past police, who tried to subdue him, and onto the tracks, where he died—perhaps from touching an electrified rail, or maybe from sheer fright.

None of the pursuers was charged with a crime. Shrugs a New York police spokesman: "We have a dead body on the subway tracks. Murder doesn't come into it." Yet just why the youths assaulted the young stranger remains a mystery—or why they laughed as he died. Says a policeman who had tried to rescue Coury: "They all thought it was a big joke."

Coury grew up in Torrington, Conn., a well-scrubbed factory town set in the Berkshire Hills. In high school he was a football player, student council member, class officer, honor roll regular. He dropped in and out of Fairfield (Conn.) University for a couple of years and then held odd jobs close to home. "He was trying to get his act together," says his brother Nimar. Recently a family friend in Washington, D.C., offered him a waiter's job. One morning he boarded a bus for New York City on his way to Washington. Says Nimar: "Before he left he said, 'How great it is to be a human being.' "

Two days later police at Grand Central Terminal found Coury wandering through the rush-hour crowds, without shoes or shirt. He had been mugged, he told them. He used their phone to call home. "Gerry's voice was a bit agitated," recalls Nimar. "He said, 'Mom, they took everything: my shoes, my shirt, my jacket, wallet, everything. Mom, get me out of here.' " The Courys said they would try to contact friends in suburban New Jersey to help him. Coury waited near the police post until midnight. A few hours later he was in Times Square, running from the heckling mob. Another brother, Charles, says Gerry was "accosted, beaten, stripped and abandoned in New York City. I certainly would have freaked out after that." ■

Gerry Coury

In Westwood, Calif., Equal Rights Amendment supporters gather to launch the final drive

Twilight of the ERA Era

With time running out, women rally round the amendment

"What do we want? ERA! When do we want it? Now!"

On a single day last week, the cry went up in 181 cities across the nation to kick off a final drive for ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution. Only one year remains until the deadline set by Congress. Supporters of ERA chanted in New York, prayed in Atlanta, held candlelight vigils in Fort Lauderdale. The stars came out in Los Angeles (Singer Helen Reddy), in Boston (Author Jules Feiffer) and in Denver (former First Lady Betty Ford). In Washington, D.C., a crowd of 2,500 cheered when Actor Alan Alda declared: "You don't have to be conservative to be against ERA, you just have to be wrong."

But beneath the high-flying rhetoric and green and white balloons, there was frustration and despair. As the clock runs out, the ERA movement remains at a standstill. In Manhattan, Pioneer Feminist Betty Friedan called for "an emergency mobilization." But even she conceded: "It's going to take a miracle."

Five years ago, victory seemed assured for the amendment.* It passed Congress in 1972 and in the following five years was ratified by 35 state legislatures —just three short of the ne essary 38. But there it stopped, stymied by the energetic campaigning of "Stop ERA" forces headed by Right-Wing Activist Phyllis Schlafly of Alton, Ill., and by the increasingly conservative turn in the nation's mood. Though ERA lobbyists won a three-year extension of the original ratification deadline, which expired in 1979, they failed to profit by it. In fact, three states have voted to rescind their approval of the amendment, though such recisions are of questionable validity. Last year the movement suffered another blow with the election of Ronald Reagan, who claims to "support the E and the R, but not the A." Said Schlafly at a press conference last week: "ERA is a cadaver that we have to keep pushing back into the coffin."

But those who gathered around the country last week came to praise ERA, not to bury it. They also came to raise $15 million to resurrect the cause. In speech after speech at the 181 rallies, which were sponsored by the National Organization for Women (NOW), partisans assailed what Friedan called "the big lies" propagated by Schlafly's group. ERA, they explained, will not mean the sharing of public toilets, approval of homosexual marriage or breakup of the family. Repeatedly, optimistic speakers predicted a profeminist backlash from Ronald Reagan's policies. The President, declared Jules Feiffer in Boston to noisy approval, "is making the world safe for white, male, heterosexual millionaires. Women have rights too."

The real test for ERA supporters will come not in Massachusetts or New York, where the amendment has already been approved by state legislators, but in places where ratification may be just within reach. NOW, says its president, Eleanor Smeal, is focusing on Illinois, North Carolina, Florida, Missouri, Oklahoma and Virginia. It hopes to strengthen its efforts in these states by enlisting the aid of older women and others not previously involved. Explains Activist Nellie Duke of Atlanta: "Georgia doesn't really accept NOW. You have to approach people where they are in a way that is palatable." ERA supporters are quick to point out that polls show 60% of Americans favor the amendment. Still, admits Smeal, "The odds are against us. If people want this, they are going to have to work as never before." ■

*Which states: Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex.

Progress: A Farewell to Arms

While trying to quash a revolt in the Philippines in 1904, American troops discovered that their .38-cal. revolvers were not very effective against the frenzied attacks of Moro tribesmen. The call went out for a handgun with "stopping power," and in 1911, the U.S. issued the Colt .45-cal. automatic to its men. Now, after 70 years of service, the Army plans to retire the legendary .45—as well as the .38-cal. revolver —and replace them both with a new 9-mm model.

The .45 may go unmourned. Hefty (3 lbs. when fully loaded) and cursed with a nasty recoil, the pistol was as easy to handle as a howitzer. For decades Army instructors would joke: "Fire seven rounds and if the enemy is still coming, throw it at him." On the other hand, it rarely jammed and, if you did manage to hit something, there would not be much left of it. Carried mostly by officers, aviators and military police, the weapon has proved so durable that the Army still draws upon its cache of 1.9 million .45s bought by the end of World War II. The Pentagon has decided to switch to the 9-mm because it will use ammunition standard among other NATO countries, will be lighter (roughly 2½ lbs.) than the .45 and pack nearly the same wallop. One other attraction cited by the Pentagon: the 9-mm will be "easier for women to deal with." The .45, which cost $25 in 1911, sold for $45 during World War II. Since the 9-mm model has yet to be chosen, and competitive bidding is still open, the Army does not have a price tag on its initial order of 220,000. The Pentagon will replace its 418,000 aging .45s and 136,000 surviving .38s over the next ten years. But the pistols, unlike old soldiers, will not fade away; they will be stored, sold overseas or donated to, well, marksmanship clubs.

Viet Nam veterans now and then (insets): Blake Clark doing his comedy routine in Los Angeles; Author James Webb in Arlington, Va.

COVER STORY

The Forgotten Warriors

A nation begins to understand, as the Viet Nam vets wait for their parade

Among the Monumbos of German New Guinea anyone who has slain a foe in war becomes thereby "unclean" [He] must remain a long time in the men's club-house He may touch nobody, not even his own wife and children; if he were to touch them it is believed that they would be covered with sores He becomes clean again by washing and using other modes of purification

—Sir James George Frazer, *The Golden Bough*

Americans have always been good at homecoming ceremonies, the public splashes with which victors are cleansed: "The men will cheer, the boys will shout/ the ladies they will all turn out/ and we'll all feel gay/ when Johnny comes marching home."

After Kilroy crushed Tojo and Hitler, and sailed home en masse, all the nation came down to the docks: to wave the flag, to weep, to gather its own back into the American embrace.

Nothing was too good for those wonderful guys. The mere uniform made a man a hero: He could hardly pay for his own drinks. Congress stuffed his pockets with benefits. He joined the proud brotherhood of the "ruptured duck," the eagle that everyone wore in his lapel to prove he'd been in it, had done his part. The awful memories of combat and carnage were bathed away in the great national wash of relief and welcome. Hardly any Americans thought much then, or even afterward, about Dresden blasted, Hamburg gone, Hiroshima and Nagasaki reduced to radioactive powder. All of those American firestorms had, of course, consumed innocent civilians. But, the ceremonies said, never mind, evil went down for the count. *Ego te absolvo.* You boys did what you had to do. Where were you anyway—the Bulge? Anzio? Tarawa? Iwo? Say, that must have been tough. Tell me about it. Let me buy you another one.

The troops who went to Korea got a muted version of the welcome. But then came America's longest, strangest war. From that one, in Viet Nam, the boys came home alone, mostly one by one. Sometimes they would arrive in the middle of the night, almost as if they were sneaking back. It was an abrupt, surreal transition—36 hours earlier, they had been in Nam, humping through that alien place with too much firepower and confusion and moral responsibility on their backs. Then they were plucked out of their bizarre yearlong excursion, set down in commercial jetliners, the stewardesses passing among them like sweet American hallucinations. Hefner visions, and dropped out of the sky back into an America that had turned ugly. In Seattle, some pus-gut in an American Legion cap used

Former Green Beret Larry Mitchell, working for CORE in Harlem, and ex-Marine Bobby Muller, head of Viet Nam Veterans of America

to greet the boys by spitting at them. "Losers!" he screamed. "Candy-ass losers!"

A trooper would head for the bar and order a beer. "You got ID?" the bartender would demand. Well, it was the nation's first teen-aged war. An adolescent might be old enough to look upon (even to perform) horrors that would make Goya turn away. But back home, he was not old enough to drink. And in a day or two, if the soldier stayed in uniform, a fellow American would ask some stunning, stopping version of: "How many babies did you kill?" For many Viet Nam veterans, the moment of return, that bleak homecoming, was the beginning of a long rage.

The brick buildings of the Sepulveda Veterans Administration Medical Center lie low among acres of vacant grass in the hot afternoon sun of California's San Fernando Valley. In the lobby of Building Four, some men in their 30s congregate, self-consciously checking their watches. One is a musician; another a Los Angeles policeman; two are unemployed; two have police records. They have only one thing in common: Viet Nam.

Dr. David Lopata, a slim, bearded VA psychologist, lets the men into a conference room. It is the afternoon group therapy outpatient session for veterans suffering from a disorder called "post-traumatic stress." Several patients light cigarettes. Lopata asks softly, "Okay, where do we begin today?" A stocky blond veteran opens up slowly: "I don't feel that I trust anybody ... Maybe it's just that they don't understand. I don't know, but look at us. None of us at this table has any real friends." "How do you talk about what happened over there?" another asks.

As the session develops emotional focus, the American public emerges as an enemy to be distrusted, or more subtly, as a parent who has withheld love and approval so long that the veteran can think only to writhe in frustration, or lash back.

"They don't want to bring themselves to look at it," storms a heavy, T shirted man with blotchy skin. "They're the losers, man! We're the winners!"

"How do you deal with people who say, 'War's over, dummy, why can't you forget?' How many times you heard that one, right?"

A quiet Mexican American puts his postwar experience succinctly: "Other people got invited to parties. I got invited to fights." Everyone laughs.

"Does your wife understand?" Dr. Lopata asks. "She says she does," the man replies, "but I don't think she does."

The Los Angeles cop embarks on a dark soliloquy: "If I don't have a piece [a gun], I feel naked. That's why I became a cop, I think, because I got to carry a piece. In Nam, killing was a job, you look at somebody like a piece of hamburger. I just feel like telling someone who's bothering me, 'You know, I could blow your ass away.' I walk away ... What the hell am I doing here? I don't think we lost. Am I weak? What did I do wrong? I did my job ... The concrete we laid, the jungle we cleared! What happened to the South Vietnamese who fought with us?

A month ago, I was going to commit suicide. It's hard for me not to think of blowing people away. I'm afraid of going back to work. I'm afraid of life."

The men's thoughts drop irregularly into their common pool of hurt.

"One half of the country said, 'You lost it.' The other half says, 'You're a goddamned sucker for having gone there.' And then there's the guy in the corner bragging about how he went to Canada."

"Yeah, and how many politicians' sons did you see over there?"

The frustration of fighting the war comes back: "We couldn't shoot back. But they were allowed to blow us up all over the place. They train you to kill. Then they pull your teeth. They didn't let us do the job, and then on top of that, we come back and catch all the flak from people who thought we were beasts."

"I had a great time till the war. What happened to that period of our lives? The war was nothing. It was insane. Stupid. And that busted up my life. It busted up everybody's life."

After two hours, the session is over. One of the vets ends sadly: "I want to rise out of the ashes with a little of what I left behind."

Columnist William Corson, a retired Marine lieutenant colonel, and Lynda Van Devanter, veterans activist and former Viet Nam nurse

Well, everyone is getting older now. A child who was born during the Tet offensive of early 1968 is already a teen-ager. The last helicopter went whumping ignominiously off the U.S. embassy roof in Saigon more than six years ago. And the Viet Nam veterans are not kids any more. They are losing hair and getting fat and sighting down the road toward middle age. Why is it that so many of them, so many of those Americans who fought the war, still return to it with sharp, deep, sometimes obsessive memories—tonguing the bad tooth, re-enacting the most vivid playlets of pain and horror? Why can't they let it go? Bad war. Sorry about that. Now get on with it, son, you're pushing 40.

In the summer of 1981, the war in Viet Nam is re-emerging as an item of profoundly unfinished moral and psychological business. It is not so much a nasty secret as a subject that Americans tacitly agreed not to discuss for a time.

Some 2.9 million Americans served in Indochina. The majority of them managed to put their lives together after the war and proceed calmly enough. They have their careers, their children, some memories—not always unpleasant—of Indochina.

But nearly 100,000 vets came back with severe physical disabilities: fast evacuation by helicopter and excellent medical care saved thousands of men—many without arms and legs—who might otherwise have died. Another 50,000 fear that they may have got cancer from the blitzing American herbicide Agent Orange. But the real devils of the war work in the mind. Something like a quarter of those who served may still be suffering from substantial psychological problems. They get flashbacks, nightmares, depression, startle reactions, and that wild red haze of rage in the brain when self-control goes and adrenaline shakes the whole frame, and some terrific violence struggles to cut loose. That is Viet Nam combat doing its wild repertory in the theater of a vet's nerves.

The nation energetically repressed the whole experience of Viet Nam for much of the '70s. All the logic of the Me Generation was actually headlong flight from the lethal surprises found in obscure Cochin China. Journalist Gloria Emerson, who wrote with brilliant indignation about the war, pronounced bitterly a few years ago: "We are a people who drop the past, and then forget where it has been put." But the war in Viet Nam cannot be discarded with impetuous American blitheness. The civic and psychic mechanics don't work that way. The men (and as many as 7,500 women) who served in the war brought back with them pain and problems—rage and guilt, sorrows and confusions—that have gone ignored and unattended for years. Now, at last, they seem to be commanding some attention.

The veterans returned in the elation of their sheer survival. But then, weirdly, they vanished into America's oblivion. This spring and summer some of them have been trying to rise out of that denial and make themselves visible. Some have staged protests reminiscent of the '60s, or of the old days of the Viet Nam Veterans Against the War. But the exercises have been a bit forlorn. Last March, an ex-Marine named James Hopkins crashed his Jeep into the lobby of a West Los Angeles Veterans Hospital and blasted away at the walls with a pistol and rifle, screaming that he was losing his mind because of Agent Orange. Two months later, he was found dead with a jug of whisky and an empty pill bottle beside him. A former artillery sergeant, Steve Androff, 33, went on last week with a fast he began on May 27 in Lafayette Square, across the street from the White House. It is a vet's version of the I.R.A. protest, designed to coerce some attention to victims of Agent Orange. Over the July Fourth weekend some vets planned a demonstration on the site in Washington where a Viet Nam memorial will be built—a dark, somberly graceful V of granite bearing the names of the 57,692 Americans who died in the war. It took the best part of a decade to get America to *want* that memorial.

Some veterans ruefully suspect that they are being merely patronized as this season's cause—the moral equivalent of

Vets demonstrating in front of the White House last week

They came home one by one, to the cry of "loser!"

snail darters or baby seals. But the vets' anger, emerging now less encumbered by the old shame of the loser, less haunted by the guilt of the war's uniquely vivid violence, has a new force. It contains a certain aggressive pride, expressed almost for the first time. The Viet Nam veterans may have been knocked off the tracks of their careers by two or three years; they may not have caught up yet with their peers, but they now insist that they are a resource for the nation, not an embarrassment. They are taking on positions of influence—many are, at least.

Indeed, the new attention to the problems of the Viet Nam vet really does amount to something deeper than fad. The dimensions of the change are practical, symbolic and, in the widest sense, spiritual. Congress recently has been showing itself remarkably responsive to the veteran's needs, even in these days of Reagan's almost-everything-must-go budget cuts. Congressmen are sensitive to public sentiments. Besides, there are 31 Viet Nam–era vets sitting in Congress now. The Administration's plans to cut $131 million out of veterans' counseling, employment and education programs detonated real indignation among Congressmen and editorial writers. Among the programs on the hit list were the readjustment counseling centers that have helped more than 67,000 Viet Nam veterans since they opened in late 1979. These storefront operations allow Viet Nam vets to come in and talk to the only people in the world who seem to understand what they have been through: other vets. They literally and probably save men's lives. Last month, the House unanimously approved (388 to 0) a bill that would extend the counseling program for three years. In the same package, the House decided that Viet Nam veterans could qualify for treatment at VA hospitals if doctors determined that certain physical problems "may be associated with exposure" to Agent Orange or other chemicals. The House has also passed a program that would make qualified Viet Nam–era vets eligible for low-cost $200,000 Small Business Administration loans. Both the House and Senate agreed to extend for two years eligibility for the G.I. Bill's vocational and on-the-job training.

But this sort of legislation can only make a dent in the Viet Nam vet's profound sense of exclusion, his bruised conviction that America —a nation that cherishes almost an ideology of its own fairness—has done him deeply wrong. The vet's first port of call, the Veterans Administration, seems to him abundant evidence that the nation he risked his skin for cares very little in return. The VA is, they say, a $23 billion-a-year bureaucracy devoted mainly to older vets (the World War II generation), a social service agency dispensing health care not to the wounded-in-battle but the merely aged. Officials of the VA answer that many of these critics are unaware of benefits for which they are eligible.

The women who served in Viet Nam make a case against the VA as well. Their chief organizer in Washington is Lynda Van Devanter, 34, a nurse lieutenant who labored in an evacuation hospital in Pleiku in 1969-70. "Women veterans are the last minority," she says.

The symbolic—and emotional—change in attitude toward the Viet Nam veterans began last January. The extravagant, even slightly hysterical, welcome home that America proffered the hostages from the embassy in Tehran filled many vets with a sense of maddening unfairness. Business at the 91 veterans' counseling centers dramatically increased immediately after Americans festooned the nation from coast to coast with yellow ribbons. The 52 hostages, after 444 days of captivity, got lifetime passes to baseball games; thousands of Viet Nam vets, who spent years in a form of internal exile, had been rewarded with either contempt or oblivion.

MARTY KATZ

A storefront counseling program in Baltimore

Facing that wild red haze of rage in the brain.

One Viet Nam veteran in New York City spends all his days on his back porch, throwing lighted matches into a pail. Another has not been out of his house in ten years: a literal hostage to the war that goes banging on in his own mind. Robert Moore, 32, spent eight years hiding at home, before he joined a VA-supported outreach center in Queens. There, he and two other veterans work as a team to locate similar cases of radical withdrawal —men hunkered down in their little psychic tunnels, like Viet Cong staying safe from all that American rolling thunder. Wives, mothers and brothers call every day to help vets who will not leave their rooms. After a vet in Rochester killed his mother and went berserk in a bank, the counseling center heard from hundreds of mothers who feared that the ex–teenager upstairs was a human bomb, waiting to explode and take his little corner of America with him.

The *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders, Third Edition* (DSM-III), an official publication of the American Psychiatric Association, is the definitive word on psychological disturbances. Viet Nam veterans (along with rape victims, among others) achieved some psychiatric status when DSM-III in 1980 officially defined their suffering as "posttraumatic stress disorder." In such distress, a person develops vivid symptoms after a psychologically traumatic event that is outside the range of usual human experience: he or she grows numb toward the external world, or else hyperalert, jumpy, insomniac; in nightmares the event that brought on the trauma is obsessively replayed.

Mitchell Samples came out of Strange Creek, W. Va. The son of a coal miner, he is not the sort of man to question an order to report to his draft board: "The area I was from, I guess you would call real patriotic." Samples first saw action in June 1968 at Chu Lai. When he started firing at Viet Cong in a paddyfield, he told himself with a certain wonder, "This is fun." That day he won a Bronze Star for taking out a V.C. position at great personal risk. But there followed a different kind of killing. Samples came upon a Viet Cong gunner who was wounded, lying on his back, begging for help. "We radioed the company and said, 'What do you want us to do with him? He's still alive.' They said, 'Kill him.' So we did." Samples never discussed the killing with anyone. Ever. He never had problems readjusting to civilian life. But the killing haunts him a little now.

Viet Nam was different from other wars; that difference defines the distinctive isolation and grievance of many Viet Nam veterans. Douglas MacArthur warned against an Asian land war; he was right. There were no front lines. Reality tended to melt into layers of unknowability. The same person could be a friend and an enemy—the smiling laundress in the morning carried a V.C. satchel charge at night. The enemy might even be a child with a basket. The ambiguity made Americans twitch. "My Lai?" says Larry Mitchell. "There were lots of My Lais."

Larry Mitchell would know. He understands the murderous brew of rage and

fear and firepower that produced My Lai. A Philadelphia-born black, Mitchell, 38, went to Viet Nam in 1965 as a sergeant in the Green Berets. "They told us that we were going to make the country a democracy," he remembers now. "I still thought of war in John Wayne terms: only the bad guys got killed." Mitchell was chastened in a hurry; he was rocketed a few minutes after he arrived in the combat zone. "You never saw the enemy. That was the most frightening part. Even though you shot thousands of rounds, you never saw no bodies but those of your friends. We knew the enemy was all around. But he was invisible."

Mitchell went back to Viet Nam for a second tour in 1967, this time as a lieutenant assigned to a combat squad. "The big thing when I came back," he recalls, "was the body count. It put pressure on you to kill." One day Mitchell was running a search-and-destroy mission in the Central Highlands. "As we approached the village," he says, "we drew fire. The shooting got started good. Then we got into the village and started going through it, house by house. I was searching one of the houses, when I saw a movement out of the corner of my eye. I just turned and fired a full clip. Then I looked . . . It was a woman, maybe eight months pregnant. The burst had taken her right across the midline. The fetus was hanging out . . ." His voice is halting and husky in the telling. "I was so cold about it. When we were adding up the dead, I counted the fetus. It was a body."

Mitchell spent most of 1968 lurching between alcoholic numbness—he was drinking a fifth a night—and the surreal alertness of hunt-and-kill missions. At his tour's end, he was captured by the Viet Cong and held for 2½ years. Abruptly, in the spring of 1971, he was freed. His homecoming was "devastating." The American air was dense with hostility. Outside a veterans' hospital in New York City, Mitchell was pushed around by police who thought he had just held up a service station. Amazingly, Mitchell sought out war again—shipping off to fight as a mercenary with guerrillas in Angola. "This time," he says with some pleasure, "I was the Viet Cong." Today he is a highly respected social worker in Harlem and the director of public relations for the Congress of Racial Equality in New York City.

In World War II the military mission was clear. In Korea it was less obvious but discernible to most of those who fought there and to the nation that supported them. The men who fought in Viet Nam rarely knew why they were fighting; the mission degenerated to individual survival for one year—the soldier's obligation pared down to an irreducible cynicism. The ally did not help: the South Vietnamese military and government looked spectacularly corrupt. Tactics collapsed into an exhaustingly futile sequence: take it by day, lose it by night, fight to the death for a patch of incomprehensible land, then call in the choppers to pull everyone out. There was no standard of victory, of progress, except the slippery figure in the black bag: the body count. In-country, when no one was looking, some played games from *Heart of Darkness*, calculating the toll with ears around their neck. If a gook was dead, he was V.C.

Wounds That Will Not Heal

Even before he went to Viet Nam, Robert Muller, 35, knew he stood a good chance of becoming a casualty. At the Marine platoon leaders' class in Quantico, Va., he learned that during World War II, 85% of all company-grade officers in the Corps were killed or wounded. Crippling injury, not death, was what most worried Bobby and his buddies. "I remember saying that if I lost a leg, I would rather be killed. As to the possibility of being paralyzed, well, that was not even open for discussion." Confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his life, Muller laughs at the memory.

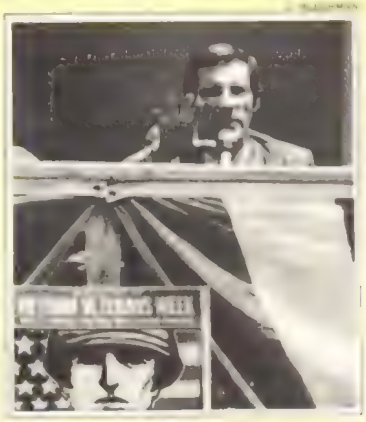
He joined the Marines in 1967, while a student at Hofstra University on New York's Long Island. Muller, whose family had emigrated from Switzerland when he was one, became convinced of the "inevitability" of America's struggle in Indochina and wanted to play a part. Recalling his graduation from Quantico, he says: "I stood there in my dress whites and cried like a baby when they played *The Star-Spangled Banner*. I cried out of pride."

Muller saw combat the day he arrived in Viet Nam. "I got off the chopper, walked down the trail, and immediately saw bodies," he recalls. "Suddenly, the reality of war was driven home." Less than a year later, while trying to lead a company of reluctant Vietnamese soldiers up a hill near Con Thien, he was struck in the chest by a Viet Cong bullet that severed his spine.

Muller was airlifted to a U.S. hospital ship, where he awoke in the intensive care unit to learn that he would be paralyzed for life. "The sheer joy of waking up, of being alive, overwhelmed any possible sorrow," he says. It was only after he was brought home to New York, trussed in a Stryker frame like a roasting turkey, and eventually transferred to a Veterans Administration hospital, that his long-pent-up emotions overcame him.

"The VA hospital was a dump," he says. "That was when I cried. I had to beg for a wheelchair. The physical therapy program was a joke." The wound he suffered at the forgotten hill in the Central Highlands left him paralyzed, but the wounds he incurred at home galvanized him into action. Says he: "I had always been respectful to authority. Now I knew that I either had to fight these guys or let them control me."

Muller became active in the 25,000-member Viet Nam Veterans Against the War. He eventually became disillusioned about the movement, fell into depression, and turned to drugs. But on a visit to the family of a Viet Nam veteran who had killed himself, he met his future wife, Virginia. "She turned my life around, and gave it meaning and purpose," he says. Muller graduated from Hofstra Law School in 1974, and three years later founded what became the Viet Nam Veterans of America (current membership: 8,000), to lobby for the rights of all those who had served in the war.



Muller speaking at 1979 rally

His group has fought for extension of G.I. Bill benefits, a targeted employment program, and improved counseling services. But Bobby Muller also has a broader vision: "What we need to do is put the war in proper perspective and understand the reasons for our failure." That will mean facing the tough questions about why and how the U.S. became involved in Viet Nam and what went wrong. Says he: "If we try to answer those questions, maybe the service of the Viet Nam veteran will not be in vain. The alternative is to make believe the whole thing never happened. That would be the ultimate insult to the injury."

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War seldom makes sense. Viet Nam, from the viewpoint of those who fought there, made no sense at all, on any level. The typical Viet Nam firefight was intense, murderous, brief and utterly pointless—like a summer storm. What killed was almost always invisible, beyond the tree line or hidden in booby traps, trip wires, pungi sticks. Viet Nam was a land of unlikable surprise. The boys tamped down their antipathy to the place by taking drugs: grass, heroin, opium, speed. They had their talismans, their superstitions. They gave themselves nicknames: Delta Death Dealers, Ground Pounders, Jungle Eaters. HIGH ON WAR read the legend on the helmet, the brag of the oafish, ostentatious grunt who, having survived three months, concluded he was immortal. Of course, it is part of the lingering turmoil of Viet Nam that a lot of men who fought there *did* love the action: they had never felt so wildly alive as they did under fire. They took a sneaking pleasure in the power and shellfire and even the killing. The world since has seemed anticlimactic.

Richard Fulton, 37, of Los Angeles spent 28 months in Viet Nam as a Marine. "I died in Viet Nam," he says. "I had a lot of allegiance to the Marine Corps. I had no more allegiance to America." In Viet Nam, Fulton was sent into the bush to kill payroll masters and other important V.C.—a way of sabotaging enemy business. He saw combat. He stepped on a mine and spent time in the hospital. He lost friends. More than that: he lost two brothers. All four Fulton boys joined the Marines. Two died in Viet Nam. The third came home with a heroin habit; one day he stepped into the street, shot a stranger, and was sent to Washington State Penitentiary. "We thought we were going to be like the Sullivans," says Fulton, referring to the five Navy brothers who died in the sinking of the U.S.S. *Juneau* in 1942. He wound up eating out of garbage cans on Los Angeles' Skid Row, but he eventually recovered.

When Fulton thinks of Vietvets, he thinks of blacks. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara encouraged them to enlist with his "new standard" programs—mental and physical standards were lowered in 1966, supposedly to help blacks and other minorities get ahead. Alas, it merely coaxed them more quickly into the fresh-man class of cannon fodder. Fulton is a little off the point: the injustices of recruiting for Viet Nam involved class more than race. It was the lower-middle and lower classes, regardless of race, who went to shed blood, while their betters observed from society's good seats.

Viet Nam was like a complicated and painful death in the American family. The war and all the vividly theatrical, surrounding violence of the '60s profoundly damaged the nation's spirit, its faith in itself, its authorities, its institutions. Citizens no longer knew what their citizenship meant; men no longer knew what their manhood demanded. The war cost more than Americans could immediately pay. It put the nation into a kind of mourning; perhaps Americans will not be rid of the experience until they have passed through the customary stages of grief: denial, anger, depression and, ultimately, acceptance.

If that is true, a revived concern about the Viet Nam veterans reflects an end to denial—perhaps even to anger. Says Yale Psychiatrist Art Blank, himself a vet: "America is trying to confront Viet Nam through the veterans; the country had suppressed the war, didn't want to deal with

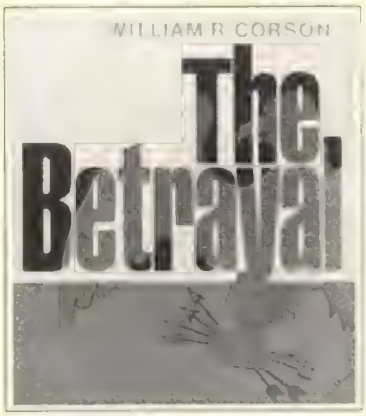
Advice and Dissent

He is the spit-and-polish image of a career military officer: stocky and silver-haired, he stands straight as a bayonet and has a level gaze. But when former Marine Lieut. Colonel William Corson talks about the injustices done to veterans of the Viet Nam War, there is anger in his voice. Says Corson: "They deserved a hell of a lot more than we gave them. What did we do to facilitate the re-entry of these guys who sacrificed so much? The answer is, damn little."

Corson, 55, knows his subject well: for the past seven years, he has written a Viet Nam Veteran Adviser column for *Penthouse*, one of the few publications that has aggressively pursued the question of America's treatment of its Viet Nam vets. Son of an accountant, Corson quit the University of Chicago in 1942, at age 17, to join the Marines and served in the South Pacific during World War II. He left in 1946 to earn a master's degree in finance and economics at Chicago, but rejoined three years later to fight in Korea. Corson, who speaks four Chinese dialects, worked for U.S. and allied intelligence throughout Asia from 1954 to 1962. After a stint at the Pentagon, he was thinking about retirement when the call came in 1966 that changed his life. As Corson puts it: "The Marine Corps wanted me to go to Viet Nam. I went."

For 13 months in 1966 and '67 Corson served as commander of 3,500 men in 114 platoons spread out in hamlets across five provinces in South Viet Nam. Corson firmly believed that Americans first had to win the trust of the villagers if the war was to be won. Disillusionment set in when the Pentagon began stressing body counts and adopted what he calls a "strategy of attrition." He was especially incensed over the search-and-destroy missions ordered by General William C. Westmoreland. Corson argues that the missions not only failed to destroy the enemy but devastated the Vietnamese people. "I tried to convince them they were doing the wrong thing," he says. "I felt there was a pox on both houses: the South Viet Nam government and the Viet Cong. They were predators against the people."

In 1968 Corson was reassigned to a desk job at the Pentagon, and proceeded to write *The Betrayal*, a blistering attack on U.S. military strategy in Viet Nam and the corruption of the Saigon government. Corson was scheduled to retire the day before the book was published, but a task force was convened to comb its pages for security violations; suddenly he was threatened with a court-martial. That threat passed, though Corson got a "nonjudicial reprimand." Since his retirement he has kept his sense of outrage over how the grunt was treated both in Viet Nam and at home. "We barely gave them a pat on the tail and said, 'Go ahead, kid,' " he says. "The greatest mystery for me is why they continued to fight." He points out that unlike U.S. soldiers in other wars, most Vietvets never shared in a major victory. "For most of them, the war was like being on the fringe of a thunderstorm. When they came home, a lot of them began asking, 'What have I been involved in?' "



Corson's 1968 book blasting the war

Through his *Penthouse* column, Corson feels he has helped to bring the Vietvet all the way home; he has even counseled some troubled veterans away from the brink of suicide. But he also feels that writing about the problems of the Viet Nam veterans is only a first step toward solving them.

"The Department of Defense's only product is a veteran," Corson argues. "They made him and if we're not willing to pay the hidden costs of war, we better not fight wars. Man is the ultimate weapon system, and we've got to learn how to treat him. We can't just use him, then toss him away."

Hill 881, May 1967: a medic tries to revive a corpse, in a war that was like a complicated and painful death in the American family

Nation

it." Now the nation may be evaluating the long-term damage.

For years, publishers and literary agents assumed that Americans were terminally exhausted on Viet Nam; books on the subject would not move. A buried —and elitist—corollary of that theory held that since the nation's best and brightest sat out the war under the protection of draft exemptions, the less literate men who went to do the fighting were incapable of producing a literature of the war. Certainly they could not create anything comparable to the splendid output of the English after World War I —the generation of Robert Graves and Rupert Brooke and Siegfried Sassoon.

But Viet Nam has brought forth excellent work: Ron Glasser's *365 Days*, Michael Herr's *Dispatches*, Tim O'Brien's *Going After Cacciato*, Ron Kovic's *Born on the Fourth of July*, James Webb's *Fields of Fire*, Phil Caputo's *A Rumor of War*. Now, more veterans seem to be emerging from their long, isolated silence. They have recorded their memories of the war in two new oral histories: Al Santoli's *Everything We Had* and Mark Baker's *Nam*. A group of actors led by Tom Bird have formed the Veterans Experience Theater Company in New York City. T.J. Anderson, Fletcher Professor of Music at Tufts University, is working on an opera called *Soldier Boy, Soldier*, about the readjustment problems of a black Viet Nam vet. A San Francisco veteran named Tad Foster has come forth with a mordant collection of cartoons called *The Viet Nam Funny Book*. The Viet Nam War is even, finally, good for laughs.

Georgia-born Blake Clark, 35, now works the Comedy Store in Los Angeles, drawling through a nervy routine that may prove Americans are far enough away from Viet Nam to find it unexpectedly funny. "Hi," Clark begins, blinking into the lights. "I'm a veteran, went to Viet Nam. It's always hard to say that. People have these preconceived notions about you. They think we're all crazy, on drugs, weird, strange, deranged." Pause. "Pretty well sums up my life." He tells the audience about flying into Atlanta in 1971, dressed in his Army uniform: "I was walking through the airport. This guy comes up and calls me a warmonger and a murderer. He called me that!" Another pause. "So I killed him." The audience explodes with laughter.

"People can now see the comic pathos of Viet Nam," says Clark. "They would not have laughed five years ago. It would have been like going to a funeral and laughing." For a long time, Clark could not joke about Viet Nam. As a second lieutenant in the infantry, he "found war" in 1971, during the 72-day incursion into Laos known as Dewey Canyon II. Of the 35 men who set out with him in his platoon, only eleven returned. Clark later went through the familiar agony of nightmares and flashbacks. "There were times when I was hell to live with," he recalls. "In 1975, when they had all those TV specials on Viet Nam, they would show coffins with flags draped on them. I knew people in those coffins, and I would just cry."

Viet Nam brought on a cultural civil war in the U.S.—a deep and basic fracture. The conflict within the immense baby-boom generation—the Americans who came of age just in time for Viet Nam —almost amounted to this century's equivalent of the War Between the States. But now, here and there, are signs that the terrible poisons and destructive intractabilities of the time are yielding to some charity and acceptance. Many antiwar activists are learning a certain sympathy for the Viet Nam veterans that they never displayed before. Says Journalist Doug Kamholz, an antiwar radical in the '60s: "I have been feeling guilty about blaming the war on the warriors. I never yelled 'baby killer,' but I didn't oppose it either. It was a moral and political mistake for the antiwar movement not to see the difference. I hope it's not too late."

One veteran who is trying to reconcile those who served and those who did not is James Webb. A much decorated, twice-wounded Annapolis graduate who led a company of Marines in Viet Nam, Webb recently resigned as minority counsel to the House Veterans' Affairs Committee to devote full time to writing. "We're going to lead this country side by side," Webb says of those converging constituencies. "We're going to have to resolve this. The easiest way is for people who didn't serve

DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN

Khe Sanh, February 1968: eight years after the last body was brought out, the U.S. is trying to come to terms with the lasting consequences

in those years to come off this pretentiousness of moral commitment and realize that the guys who went to combat are the ones who suffered the most. They are also the ones who gave the most." For that reason, Webb believes, the Viet Nam vets "in the aggregate are probably the strongest people in their age group."

Are they? That raises an interesting Darwinian problem: Which group is stronger; which is fitter? The young who demonstrated their moral energy—as well as their social clout, often enough—by avoiding the draft, by staying in college or heading across to Canada? Or the so-called suckers who got caught in the draft? (Were they stupid? Patriotic? Defenseless?) Those suckers passed through a physical and moral test that the others (however principled their refusal) will never know. So which side came out of the argument the stronger? Which side is more fit now to exercise command? The answer had better lie in some form of collaboration.

Coming to terms with Viet Nam —"processing it," as psychologists say—is not merely an exercise in cultural diversion; the meaning that Americans extract from their failure in Indochina will substantively affect their future. Says John Terzano, a lobbyist for the Viet Nam Veterans of America: "We are products of the World War II generation. We were brought up with a high sense of duty, honor and service to our country. John Kennedy was talking to *us* when he said: 'Ask what you can do for your country.' The generation following us is going to look at us like we looked at our parents. They'll see how we were treated and make decisions based on that." Terzano argues that unless Viet Nam veterans receive both practical help and symbolic acknowledgement of the sacrifice they made, younger Americans will be left with the inescapable impression that only suckers sign up—that service merely invites contempt.

The moral emptiness in the eddies of Viet Nam recalls the funk and disillusion that followed World War I. Someone has suggested that the U.S. after Saigon fell was something like Germany after 1918. The analogy, farfetched and literally false, contains a touch of truth. World War I was hard to beat as an example of dunderheaded, pointless slaughter. The men who fought it hated it just as much—and even in the same vocabularies—as the men who fought in Viet Nam. They went into it with the same illusions: *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*. Horace told the boys in the public schools. John Wayne played the part of Horace in America. But finally, after Passchendaele in 1917, Lieut. General Sir Launcelot Kiggell saw the thing honestly. He looked out at the mud-soaked fields, burst into tears and muttered: "Good God, did we really send men to fight in that?"

The mark of a first-rate intelligence, as F. Scott Fitzgerald said, is the capacity to entertain two contradictory propositions in one's mind simultaneously without going crazy. The Viet Nam era had its psychotic moments. It may be a sign of American mental health, and intelligence, that the nation is ready to try to repay its complicated debt to the men and women who left their youth in Viet Nam, doing what their country asked them to do. Those who went to Viet Nam (whether they were volunteers, or draftees dragged there kicking and screaming) suffered through a violent complexity. It may have been meaningless. Or perhaps the war should instruct the nation in several dozen ways. Viet Nam was a painful learning experience for America, a civics lesson that dealt out violent penalties on both sides.

Joyce, a 26-year-old woman from Georgia, met her husband Don in 1972, six months after he returned from Viet Nam. He told her funny stories about the war. He did not tell her the scary ones about how, as a scout for the 101st Airborne, he would disappear into the jungle to search out enemy positions and kill Viet Cong stragglers. Joyce and Don were married. Then Don began an agony of delayed stress: sudden flashbacks, explosions of anger, a restlessness that propelled him from job to job. Joyce heard about the Atlanta vet center on a TV commercial. The couple went to a rap session there. It was a revelation for Don, who still attends meetings at the center every Wednesday night. He's doing well now, and so is the marriage. Joyce would like to see the counseling program expanded—and one thing more. Says she with a wan smile: "I'd love to see a great big parade—one time, national." *—By Lance Morrow. Reported by Jeff Meivoin/Los Angeles and Peter Stoler/New York, with other U.S. bureaus*

ISRAEL

Election: But No Mandate

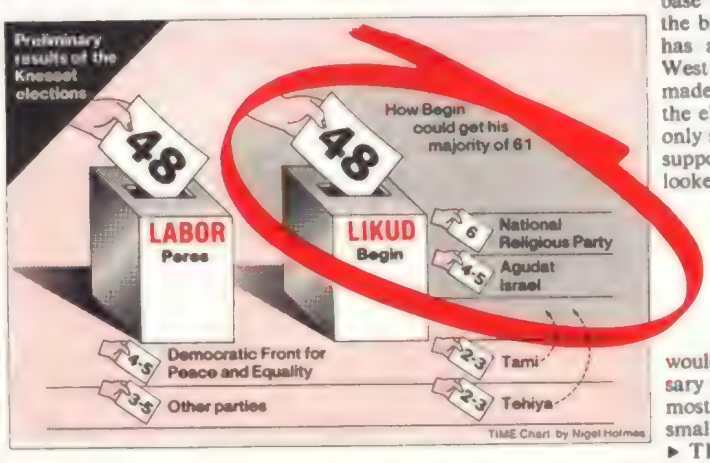
With the vote a dead heat, Begin and Peres put the heat on

The countdown began at 9:59 p.m. as the second hand of a clock, superimposed on the television screen and accompanied by ticktock music, swept its way around the dial, as though a corny game show were taking place. Then, precisely at 10 o'clock, as the polls closed throughout the country, Anchorman Haim Yavin carefully read out on the state-run network the projections he had been handed half an hour earlier, which were compiled from a meticulously conducted poll of voters as they left their polling stations. The immediate TV predictions: Labor would get 48 or 49 seats, Likud 47, and the other parties would divide up the remaining 24 or 25 seats in the 120-member Israeli Knesset.

So began last week—after the bitterest election campaign in Israel's 33-year history—a struggle for power between Prime Minister Menachem Begin, 67, head of the ruling Likud bloc, and Shimon Peres, 57, leader of the Labor Party. Both men immediately started to try to put together a coalition government that would control at least 61 seats, the number needed for a Knesset majority. Begin clearly had the best chance of succeeding, but the likelihood was that any government's margin would be so slim that new elections might have to be called within a year.

It was a long night of drama following the angry weeks of the campaign. Voter turnout was a respectable 77%, down slightly from 80.3% in 1977. The first television projection showing Labor ahead, however slightly, brought a roar of delight from party politicians and supporters, who had been out of office since 1977. Peres was greeted with a thunderous ovation as he went to the podium at Labor headquarters in Tel Aviv, where he embraced his longtime rival, Yitzhak Rabin, a former Prime Minister, and received bouquets of flowers from children. An earnest, sad-eyed intellectual, Peres was uplifted by the acclamation of the crowd. Introduced as "the next Prime Minister of Israel," he declared, "I think we got a mandate to form a government, and it is our intention to do so as promptly and seriously as we can."

The moment was moving, but all too premature. Nine blocks away, the Likud headquarters greeted the first projection with gloomy silence. But as the moments became hours, the realization started to spread that Likud had a better chance than Labor of forming a winning coalition. At 3:30 a.m., protected by tense security men, Begin threaded his way through an adulatory crowd of 2,000 to reach the party building. His supporters sang *He Will Make Peace* and *When the Messiah Comes*. Once at the lectern, Begin contemptuously denied that the campaign had been the dirtiest in Israel's history—a frequent and accurate charge by Peres—and proclaimed, "I will form the next government." Rhythmic applause was stilled by Begin's raised hand. As for Peres, Begin said, with the arrogance that has become part of his public posture, "I don't know what pushed him. Mr. Peres, you have no concept of Israeli law. Go learn something."



A pale blue dawn was spreading over Tel Aviv when the Prime Minister finally made his way to the silver Dodge that would take him back to Jerusalem. As the chanting rose in volume—"Be-gin, Be-gin"—he raised his arms and grinned widely. Sweating troops struggled to hold back the crowd, which in its zeal strained to touch its frail leader.

As the vote counting continued, Labor still had 48 seats, compared with its 1977 total of 32, and Likud also had 48, as against 43. Both men strove to persuade enough of the small parties to join them to form a ruling coalition, a duel in which Begin started with an advantage.

The religious parties have been aligned with Begin's outgoing government and generally are more in agreement with its positions on social and ideological issues. Begin wasted no time in trying to preserve his hold on office. As soon as election night television projections showed the two parties roughly even, he was on the phone to his potential coalition partners. Next day he met with Interior Minister Yosef Burg, leader of the National Religious Party, which contributed twelve seats to Likud's coalition. The party is run by a troika of hard-liners who base their foreign policy on the biblical claim that Israel has a right to control the West Bank, a point often made by Begin himself. In the election, the N.R.P. won only six seats, but the party's support is vital to Begin. Burg looked like an almost sure ally once again, and Begin was smiling broadly after their talk.

With the N.R.P.'s six votes, assuming Burg could control his fractious party, Begin would have 54 of the necessary 61. He would try to get most of the rest from three small and doctrinaire parties:

▶ The ultraconservative Agudat Israel, whose brain trust is a council of 18 scholarly rabbis, is also a present partner of Likud. Begin had rewarded Leader Shlomo Lorincz by making him the head of the powerful Knesset finance committee, a post that Lorincz used to dispense generous sums to centers of Jewish learning during the past four years. The party is concerned almost exclusively with religious issues. Although it held only four seats in the outgoing Knesset, it managed to swing enough power with Likud to pass laws that have hampered abortions and autopsies on religious grounds and freed Jews from any penalty for refusing to work on the Sabbath. The party was expected to win four or five seats.

▶ TAMI, a tiny, newly formed maverick group, broke away from the N.R.P. because it felt that Sephardim from North Africa and Arab countries were not being given enough ministerial positions. The party's leader is Minister of Religious Affairs Aharon Abuhatzeira, the scion of a prominent Moroccan and Sephardi fami-

Surrounded by Likud bloc supporters, Prime Minister Menachem Begin addresses the election night crowd at party headquarters

ly, who had been charged with accepting bribes during the conduct of his office. He was cleared in May after a lengthy trial, and decided to form his own party. Relations between Abuhatzeira and the N.R.P.'s Burg are acrimonious. Some N.R.P. officials say that Burg would not bring his party into a coalition with TAMI, which was projected to have two or three seats

▸ The radically rightist Tehiya Party is made up of former Begin backers who broke away when Begin agreed to the Camp David accords, which included withdrawal from the Sinai and talks about granting autonomy to the Palestinians on the West Bank and Gaza Strip. Tehiya, which will hold two or three seats, is led by Yuval Ne'eman, a world-renowned physicist who once was the head of military science for the army and the president of Tel Aviv University

Given the problems Begin faces in reconciling the divergent interests among the four parties, it was small wonder that Peres did not give up all hope of forming his own Cabinet. Labor had far less room to maneuver with the religious parties, whose following tends to be at the opposite end of the political spectrum. But the religious parties had cooperated with the Labor coalitions that ran the nation from its founding in 1948 until Begin's surprising victory in 1977. Said a Labor Party official: "We will not give them everything, but we will try to re-establish the old understanding we enjoyed with them."

One reason Labor was struggling to form a coalition was, of course, that it wanted to fight the next election with the Prime Minister's office in its control. But some younger party members were arguing that Labor should let Begin have the job again and then stand back and watch him fail as he tried to cope with the country's mounting economic problems, like an annual inflation rate of 130%. Predicts Michael Harish, 44, an energetic Labor member of the Knesset: "Soon all those who are shouting 'Begin, Begin' will be demonstrating in the streets."

The campaign had exploded in anger and resulted in new and disquieting ethnic rifts in the population. Sephardi Jews, predominantly a working-class constituency in the new immigrant cities of Beersheba and Qiryat Shemona and the grimy slums of greater Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, rejected the traditional socialism of the Labor Party in favor of the radical right-wing nationalism of the Likud. In turn, the more affluent Ashkenazi Jews from northern Europe backed Labor. Ironically, Begin, an Ashkenazi from Poland, was idolized by his more extremist Sephardi followers, who proclaimed him "King of Israel" in campaign slogans and songs

Begin fomented intense emotions by his hyperbolic rhetoric and his uncanny ability to caricature the weaknesses of his adversaries. Some Israelis feared for the future of their young democracy when toughs broke up Labor Party rallies, threw

After premature claims of victory, Labor Party Leader Shimon Peres, center, turns somber when returns show the parties to be in a tight race

Final rally in Tel Aviv draws 100,000 for Begin, proclaimed at times the "King of Israel" in songs and slogans and hailed as the Messiah

eggs and tomatoes at Peres' car and shouted down speeches by Labor candidates. Begin undoubtedly picked up votes from his virulent anti-German campaign, his stern stand on the Syrian missile crisis, his meeting with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat last month and, above all, the surprise Israeli attack on the Iraqi nuclear reactor.

Voters deserted the plethora of small, frequently eccentric parties (31 in all contested the election) that usually garnered 40 or more seats in the Knesset and thus provided a sizable swing vote on crucial legislation. This time the splinter parties got only 24 seats as voters rallied to either Labor or Likud. In the final analysis, though, it was Labor that demonstrated the most significant gains. The party managed to overcome deep divisions of its own to maintain its following among the secular-minded professional and urban population, and showed impressive strength (up to 30% in some places) among Israel's Arab citizens, largely because of a belief that Labor is more concerned than Likud for their day-to-day welfare.

The prospect of another Begin government evoked no joy in European capitals, and there was even less cause for celebration over the likelihood of many more months of political uncertainty. One senior British diplomat reasoned that even a strong Begin government would have been preferable to a weak one that would make the Prime Minister more difficult to deal with, especially if his support comes from the extremists. "We expect him to pursue a tough and adventurous policy toward his Arab neighbors, with the threat of force never far from the surface," said the official.

Arab reaction, in general, stressed the fact that Labor and Likud have essentially the same foreign policy. In Cairo, however, there was deep concern and a more profound understanding of the damage a weak government could do the Camp David peace accords. Egyptian Minister of State for Foreign Affairs Butros Ghali declared that his government had hoped that a strong Israeli government would emerge, "capable of pursuing negotiations and of implementing the provisions of the peace treaty and other agreements."

To the Egyptians, one worrisome prospect concerns the final Israeli withdrawal from the Sinai Peninsula, which is scheduled to take place next April. At that time, the agreement also calls for the removal of some 5,000 Israeli settlers who have moved into agricultural communes near the Mediterranean and into tourist centers along the Red Sea coast on the southern tip of the Sinai. Two of the parties to which Begin would be beholden in a coalition are in favor of keeping the settlers there. If a government crisis developed over the issue, the Israeli withdrawal might be delayed, thereby causing problems for other elements of the Camp David accords.

A difficulty that the new Israeli government may find clearing up by the time it takes office is the Syrian missile crisis. Last week Christian Phalangists withdrew from the Lebanese city of Zahle, and Syrian peace-keeping forces in turn lifted their siege of the city. The agreement could be a first step toward a settlement that would ease the crisis in Lebanon and make it unnecessary for Israel to pursue its threat to attack Syrian missiles there.

Meanwhile, the inconclusive election results from Israel were greeted with understandable caution in Washington. State Department officials agree with their colleagues abroad that a weak Begin will be unwilling to take risks for peace and will be even more aligned than now with the hard-line religious parties that would have to guarantee his majority in the Knesset. But the Reagan Administration also views Israel as a strategic asset, as Secretary of State Alexander Haig puts it, in forming a bulwark in the Middle East against Soviet influence, an aim that concerns the Administration more than reviving the Camp David talks about Palestinian autonomy. Administration officials believe that Peres would be easier to deal with, but nonetheless respect Begin for his forthright stands. As part of its plan to strengthen Israel, no matter who won the election, the Administration late last week acknowledged that it would send six F-16 warplanes to Israel on schedule later this month and would "soon" release the four F-16s that had been held up after the Israeli airstrike on the Iraqi nuclear reactor.

Israel's continuing economic problems, the prospect of weak government and the possibility of another round of elections within a year reflect a troubled and divided nation. Facing this future, Israel is potentially more dependent upon the U.S. than before. But the Administration would have to tread carefully in any attempts to influence Israel's leaders, whoever they turn out to be, since a weak Israeli government will be more anxious than ever to demonstrate its independence. —*By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by David Aikman and Robert Rosenberg/Jerusalem*

An Israeli soldier casts his vote

New and disquieting ethnic rifts

IRAN

Lurching Bloodily Onward

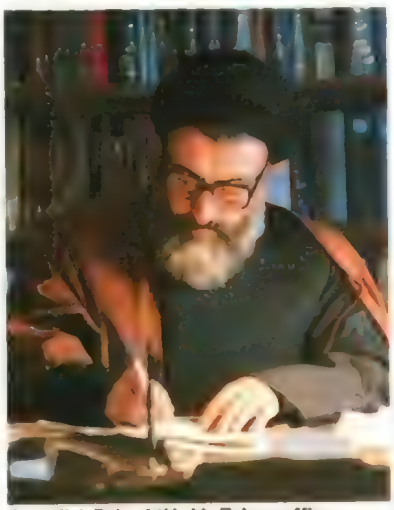
A bomb wipes out 74 of Khomeini's men and chaos continues

When the night was young, the
King contemplated plunder
At dawn, his body, head and crown
were all asunder
—Iranian poem describing the assassination of Nader Shah, an 18th century king.

The Ayatullah Mohammed Beheshti was not a king, but he was the emerging strongman of Iranian politics. He was the nation's Chief Justice, the secretary-general of the ruling Islamic Republican Party and the chief strategist of the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini's theocratic state. At 52, he was the chief hope of continuity for the Islamic revolution, whose terrifying politics have split Iran into bitter and contending factions

Precisely because terror on every side has become a way of life in Iran, the I.R.P. had sought to avoid attention—and perhaps attack—by keeping secret a meeting of its leaders last week at their headquarters in south Tehran. It did not succeed. As Beheshti addressed the gathering, a massive explosion ripped apart the entire building. The roof and walls collapsed. Bodies and parts of bodies flew through the air, then were buried under tons of rubble. The noise of the blast carried for miles.

Beheshti died instantly, and 73 of the 90 people who had gathered to hear him accompanied him in death. They included four Cabinet ministers, six deputy ministers, 27 members of parliament and some of the most influential men of Iran's revolution. Seldom if ever in history had any government been so rent by a single act of terrorism, a successful plot that sent 74 political figures to their deaths. With the blast, and the vengeful events sure to follow, Iran appeared to be lurching dangerously closer to total chaos.



Ayatullah Beheshti in his Tehran office

Learning of the clandestine meeting and acting with quick efficiency, an unidentified opposition group had planted demolition charges in the foundation of the party headquarters. According to some reports, the plotters had even managed to gain access to the hall and place a bomb in a trash basket near the podium. At 9:05 p.m. on June 28th, about 15 minutes after Beheshti had begun to speak, the charges went off simultaneously. When the dust and debris had finally settled, a stunned and at first unbelieving count of the bodies began. There were plenty of white cloths in which to bind the wounded; rescuers simply unwound their long turbans

Despite the fury of the blast, Radio Iran did not report for three hours that an explosion at party headquarters had caused "considerable damage to life and property." Fearing that a *coup d'état* might be under way, the government cut communications to the outside world

The attack culminated weeks of mounting tension. After a yearlong power struggle, Beheshti and his clerical allies had finally engineered the firing of President Abolhassan Banisadr, the intellectual whose moderate ideas had been anathema to the mullahs. Banisadr had swiftly gone into hiding. Throughout the week there had been reports that the government had arrested and summarily executed dozens of his supporters. On Saturday, the day before the bombing of I.R.P. headquarters, a prominent aide to Khomeini, Hojjatoleslam Ali Khamene'i, was seriously injured by a bomb concealed in a tape recorder. The day after the blast, the warden of Tehran's Evin prison, the scene of countless trials and executions, was shot to death, apparently by an aide

On Tuesday, hundreds of thousands of Iranians took to the streets of Tehran, beating their chests and waving black banners in mourning for the slain politicians. "Beheshti, you were the light of the Imam!" the mourners shouted. "You were innocent!" Thousands struggled by foot to follow the motor procession to the cemetery of Behesht-e-Zahra, twelve miles south of the city. There the bodies were washed, wrapped in white shrouds and placed facing Mecca in a huge plot reserved for "martyrs of the revolution." When the Majlis (parliament) met the next day, the sounds of compulsive weeping filled the chamber. Pictures of the 27 dead members were propped up on their vacant seats, each photograph half-hidden by a mound of red roses. Six members injured in the bombing appeared in wheelchairs; one was carried in on a cot

Despite the attendant terror and confusion, the government handled the crisis reasonably well. At its head were Prime Minister Mohammed Ali Raja'i and Majlis Speaker Akbar Rafsanjani, both of whom had left the I.R.P. meeting

Hundreds of thousands of mourners, waving photographs of the slain Beheshti, accompany the funeral cortege through Tehran

shortly before the deadly blast. Said one U.S. official: "The clerics moved with remarkable speed and effectiveness after the bombing to maintain control and to establish a mechanism for succession." The jobs of Beheshti and his colleagues were quickly filled, and the government proceeded with plans to hold elections late this month to replace Banisadr. Khomeini exhorted his countrymen to vote but warned them against choosing a President "like the last one."

Who was to blame for the mass murders? Only one group said it was responsible: a Turkish-based organization called the Party of National Equality, which presumes to represent the ethnic Turkish community in Iran, mainly in Azerbaijan. The claim was not taken seriously, though it served as a reminder of the ethnic tension ready to explode on the periphery of Iran if there should be a collapse at the center.

Iran's revolutionary zealots were quick to blame the "Great Satan," the U.S., and to a lesser extent Iraq, with which Iran is still at war. At one point Khomeini himself declared that "American hands came out of the sleeves of these traitors who committed the recent crime against Islam." But he also accused the Mujahedin-e Khalq, the urban guerrilla organization that had generally supported the deposed Banisadr. Khomeini called the guerrillas "blind hearts who claimed they took part in crusades for the people You are breathing your last breath—you are going to hell."

Considered the best-organized opposition group in Iran, the Mujahedin have some 100,000 guerrillas under arms and several hundred thousand supporters. Their organization was founded in 1965 by young militants who believed that an urban guerrilla campaign, embracing the principles of both Islam and class warfare, was the best course for an Iranian revolution. During the next decade, they assassinated agents of the Shah and U.S. military advisers in Iran. After the Shah's downfall, the Mujahedin rejected overtures from the I.R.P., whose policies they considered "opportunistic, reactionary and monopolistic," and instead supported Banisadr as the best alternative to the power of the mullahs.

In their struggle against the Shah, the guerrillas customarily tried to provoke the regime into committing acts of blind repression and retaliation, thereby enlisting more public sympathy and support. They seem to be using the same tactics against Khomeini. During the past fortnight, the government executed some 90 dissidents and last week arrested 50 others for allegedly trying to destroy the parliament building.

Rescuers crowding around the bombed-out headquarters of the Islamic Republican Party

A resort to terrorism may become the only available means of expression within Iran.

In the meantime, using its vast network of informers and security forces, the government vowed that it would arrest Banisadr, who some observers believe is in his home area of Hamadan on the borders of Kurdistan. Indeed, at week's end a London-based magazine reported that it had interviewed the fugitive in Kurdistan shortly after his disappearance. In the interview Banisadr called on Iranians to fight "those now using illegal methods to obtain power in Iran." Claimed one of Banisadr's colleagues in Beirut, perhaps with more bravado than considered judgment: "The authorities know where he is, but they are not strong enough to arrest him. If they admitted knowing where he is, they would be acknowledging their weakness."

In messages telephoned to friends overseas last week, the deposed President accused the mullahs of meddling in military affairs and weakening the war effort against Iraq by conspiring against him. He called on the military to fight on against the Iraqis without allowing "traitorous hands to stab you in the back." He also declared that the fundamentalists in parliament represented a total of only 4 million voters, while he had been elected President in 1980 by 11 million people. Nonetheless, most experts believe that Banisadr, who lacks a strong base of his own, is not likely to re-emerge as a national leader.

As has been true since the revolution deposed the Shah 2½ years ago, the country's only unifying figure remains Khomeini, who is now 81 and in frail health. His condition has apparently remained steady following his recovery from a heart attack early last year, although at times he has difficulty breathing. He lives in a two-story brick and steel building in the village of Jamaran on the mountain slopes to the north of Tehran.

Khomeini meets frequently with a few advisers, including his son Seyed Ahmad Khomeini and son-in-law Ayatullah Shahabeddin Eshraqi. But unlike his father, Seyed Ahmad does not believe that the I.R.P. necessarily represents the best vehicle for maintaining an Islamic government. According to some reports, he has been chided by the old man on occasion, especially when he leaned toward Banisadr during the former President's struggle with the powerful mullahs. Khomeini seems to be more at ease with his son-in-law Eshraqi, who played a key role in jettisoning both Banisadr and Mehdi Bazargan, the first Prime Minister of the post-Shah regime.

Khomeini still enjoys great power and prestige, though some diplomats believe he made a serious mistake when he fired Banisadr, thereby plunging into politics and aligning himself with the fortunes of one party, the Islamic Republicans. "He remains a strong man," says an Arab official in Beirut, "but he is not the superman of two years ago." Khomeini's slight decline has somewhat eased the anxieties of conservative Arab states, notably Saudi Arabia, that had feared his success would inspire revolutionary zealots in their own countries.

There are also signs of a possible slippage in the I.R.P.'s popular strength. The party's principal supporters are still the mullahs and their religious followers, but lined up against it are uncounted numbers of moderate Muslims who, like Banisadr, believe that Islam is not incompatible with modernization. Last month parliamentary elections were held in 19 constituencies, including the Turkish-speaking northwest. I.R.P. candidates won easily everywhere, as had been expected. But only one-sixth of the eligible voters chose to cast ballots. Predicts Rouhollah K. Ramazani, an Iranian professor of foreign affairs at the University of Virginia: "Without Beheshti's unifying influence on a day-to-day basis, the fissions and fractures within the party will begin to surface."

Looking ahead, Marvin Zonis, an

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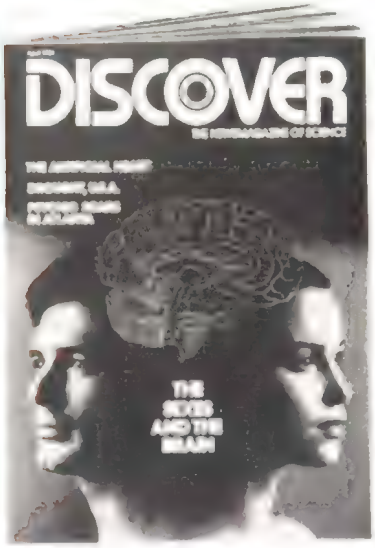

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Iran specialist at the University of Chicago, says, "When Khomeini dies, there will be no one with the same charisma to hold things together, and the whole place will be up for grabs." Conversely, Zonis believes that if Khomeini lives and continues to keep the clergy in power, "the left will grow stronger in its opposition."

Throughout the postrevolutionary period, Western experts have kept an uneasy eye on the role of the Tudeh, the tiny Communist party that is backed by Moscow. Tudeh and the I.R.P. have a tacit alliance, though each group seems to view the other with cynicism if not disdain. A Tudeh push for power seems unlikely, but one frightening if improbable scenario is that Tudeh might grab control in a period of chaos and, under the terms of a 1921 treaty between Moscow and Tehran, give the Soviets a pretext to invade Iran in support of the party.

But many Western observers question whether the Soviet Union would really care to become so deeply embroiled in Iran. Says a senior British diplomat: "A breakdown of the state is not in the interest of the Soviet Union. What the Russians want is an authoritarian, centralized regime spouting anti-American, anti-imperialistic slogans." He believes that the Soviets are very worried that a fragmentation of Iran could encourage similar separatist tendencies among Muslims on the Soviet side of the border.

As Iran stumbles toward extremism, the armed forces, which could swing the balance of power, have remained quiet. The Shah's army, of course, exists no more; the new army is led mostly by former junior officers, and its ranks are filled with recruits, revolutionary guards and a few technicians from the past. Only recently, as a result of its success in holding back the Iraqis, has the army begun to recover the cohesion and confidence it lost in the revolution. Many of its officers respected Banisadr, but as a whole the army is believed loyal to Khomeini and unlikely, at this stage, to challenge the authority of the "Supreme Interpreter of Islamic Law." In the event of a crisis, the military may disintegrate along ethnic lines, as did the Lebanese army during the 1975-77 fighting in that country.

Injured Majlis members at special session

"Dangerous new period in the revolution."

The sad prospect, therefore, seems to be for a rising round of repression and terrorism. "The demise of Banisadr," says James Bill of the University of Texas, "has completed the destruction of the moderate center and marked the beginning of direct battle between the radical left and the extremist right." The bombing of the I.R.P. headquarters, he adds, offered extremists of the far right the excuse to launch attacks on forces "perceived to be anywhere to their left." The result, he concludes, is the start of "a dangerous new period in the revolution."

Hassan Javadi, an Iranian political scientist at the University of California, believes that the killing of Beheshti may have advanced the timetable of the civil war he feels is inevitable. Shahram Chubin of London's International Institute for Strategic Studies anticipates, at the least, a more savage form of violence. Says he: "None of the opposition groups is in a position to challenge the government in the streets, not even the armed forces. It may be that a resort to terrorism will become the only available means of expression within Iran."

Indeed, to maintain their power, the mullahs are expected by British intelligence to launch a bloody program of repression. That in turn would likely touch off more violence against the government. One thing seemed certain: the struggle for control of Iran is only just beginning. *—By William E. Smith. Reported by Raji Samghabadi/New York and Wilton Wynn/Beirut, with other bureaus*

The Great Satan Pays Up

Even as Tehran's revolutionary leaders fulminated against the Great Satan last week, they got some good news from Washington: the U.S. Supreme Court unanimously upheld Jimmy Carter's right to terminate American suits against Iran and to nullify attachments against Iranian assets, as part of the controversial deal that won freedom for the 52 hostages.

The way was thus cleared for the release of $2.3 billion in Iranian assets still held in U.S. banks—the last of the estimated $12 billion that Carter had frozen during the hostage crisis. Of the newly freed assets, $1.3 billion will now return to Iran. The remaining $1 billion will go into a special fund to cover awards by an arbitration tribunal meeting at The Hague. (Iran is pledged to replenish this fund so as to keep a minimum balance of $500 million.) It is to this body that U.S. companies must now submit their claims against Iran. The tribunal, comprising three Iranians, three Americans and three neutral arbitrators, met at The Hague last week to set up ground rules, but will not begin processing claims until October.

The Supreme Court had acted with unaccustomed speed to resolve the issue before the July 19 deadline for the return of Iranian assets, as stipulated by the U.S.-Iran agreement. The plaintiff in the case, Dames & Moore, a California engineering firm, was one of some 450 companies seeking a total of $4 billion in breach-of-contract suits against Iran. Contesting the President's authority to make the hostage deal without the consent of Congress, Dames & Moore argued that its provisions represented an unconstitutional "taking" of their property without "just compensation," as required by the Fifth Amendment.

The court in a 31-page decision held that the President had the authority to nullify the attachments and return Iran's assets under the broad terms of the 1977 International Emergency Economic Powers Act. The President also had the authority to suspend claims against Iran, the court said. Justice William Rehnquist, who wrote the decision, found support for this in a long history of congressional acquiescence to foreign claims settlements by the Executive.

The Supreme Court's involvement in Iran-related cases may not be over. Last week's decision left open the possibility that companies whose claims are not compensated at The Hague could return and sue the U.S. for "taking" their property without compensation. Furthermore, at least a dozen former hostages have filed damage suits against Iran, although Carter specifically waived their right to do so as part of the deal with Iran. Such corporate and individual claims may land right back in the lap of the Supreme Court.

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[3]At last count, we had some 135 people looking into how risk can be measured in life, casualty-property, and group insurance.

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CHINA

Less Theory, More Production

Deng discredits Mao and wins acceptance of his pragmatism

The television cameras panned slowly across the palatial auditorium of the Great Hall of the People, where 10,000 Communist Party faithful had gathered to celebrate the results of the momentous plenary session of the Communist Party's Central Committee. Suddenly the crowds faded away and the screen belonged to a pair of diminutive figures seated on the dais. Dressed in identical white sports shirts, they smiled happily and acknowledged the waves of applause. One was Senior Vice Chairman Deng Xiaoping, the country's *de facto* ruler and the obvious director of the extravaganza. The other was Hu Yaobang, 66, the newly proclaimed Chairman, whose elevation Deng had long labored to achieve.

Two at the top: Vice Chairman Deng and Chairman Hu at the Central Committee session

It was a great leap forward for Deng, but the road ahead was "long and tortuous."

The occasion was a great leap forward for Deng, his shrewd brand of pragmatism and his plan to question the legacy and reduce the influence of Mao Tse-tung, the party's Great Helmsman, who died in 1976. Although his power is still not supreme, Deng was able to shunt aside Mao's hand-picked successor to the chairmanship, Hua Guofeng, 61, who was accused of creating a "personality cult" around himself, committing "leftist errors" and opposing the policies advocated by Deng. Relegated to the positions of lowest-ranking Vice Chairman and junior membership in the Politburo, Hua was also obliged to resign as head of the Central Committee's Military Commission, which runs the army, a key post that was taken over by Deng.

Hua's ouster was formal proof that Deng had succeeded in his four-year struggle to shift the balance of power in the Peking leadership and win wide-based acceptance for his program to speed up China's economic growth. To fight Hua and his supporters, Deng had carefully put together a coalition of his own composed of thousands of officials who had been ignominiously disgraced—like Deng and Hu themselves—during the 1966-76 Cultural Revolution, returning from exile only after Mao's death. Under Deng, this group has sought to free China from the rigid constraints Maoism had imposed on industrial and technological development and on the modernization of the military. The gradual elimination of diehard Maoists from the party, government and military bureaucracies, and the conviction last November on treason charges of Mao's widow Jiang Qing, the leader of the "Gang of Four," greatly aided Deng.

Having defeated Hua, Deng took on Mao. The Central Committee's 27,000-word resolution, the product of a year of internecine argument and six complete rewrites, was a devastating critique of Mao's leadership and policies during nearly all of his 39-year reign. Though the resolution credited Mao for performing "indelible meritorious service in founding and building up our party," he was accused of committing "theoretical and practical mistakes concerning class struggle in a socialist society." Mao's worst errors, which caused China "the most severe setbacks and heaviest losses," came during the Cultural Revolution. The resolution stressed the innocence of the victims of Mao's mass purges, including, not surprisingly, Deng Xiaoping.

When Deng was brought back to power by the late Premier Chou En-lai in 1975, he tried to solve the problems Mao had caused in industry, agriculture and other sectors of the economy, according to the document. But Mao "could not bear to accept systematic correction of the errors of the Cultural Revolution by Deng" and "confused right and wrong and the people with the enemy." Thus Mao purged Deng a second time. Whom did Mao then choose to lead the "movement to criticize Deng Xiaoping" at the darkest moment of Deng's career? Hua Guofeng.

In spite of the victories Deng scored at the Central Committee meeting, New York University Sinologist James Hsiung argues that Hua's survival as a Vice Chairman and the resolution on Mao were both the result of compromises. Concludes Hsiung: "The Deng group will still have to work with the Hua forces." Seton Hall University's Winston Yang points out that several members of the Politburo are not in Deng's group. Says he: "It may be assumed that the policy debate between Deng's pragmatists and surviving Maoists will go on."

Hu suggested as much in his first speech as Chairman when he said that the climb ahead would be as "long and tortuous" as the scaling of China's famous Mount Tai. Indeed, the platform presented on the final day of the meeting charted a course that was strikingly ambitious for a country that has only recently begun to emerge from more than three decades of repression. The program called for a legal system that guarantees the rights of the people, protection of religious freedom and the extension of democracy under party control. However these lofty reforms work out, the program also stressed Deng's more down-to-earth priorities of modernizing the economy and introducing a measure of private enterprise. In foreign relations, China reaffirmed its commitment to help the Third World. Last week in another area of foreign policy, Foreign Minister Huang Hua led a high-level mission to New Delhi. The trip, the first since the 1962 Chinese-Indian border war, was an attempt to establish friendlier relations.

On the other hand, the official news agency Xinhua declared last week that China might have to use force against Taiwan if the U.S. persisted in supporting the 1979 Taiwan Relations Act, which authorizes U.S. commercial and cultural relations with the Chinese Nationalist government in Taipei. Last month President Reagan said he intended to uphold the measure. Criticizing Reagan's stand, Xinhua said that relations between Peking and Washington were at a "crucial turning point."

Despite the flurry over Taiwan, Washington was encouraged by the week's news out of China. Said one State Department expert: "The more the modernizers and the reformers strengthen their position, the better it is as far as we are concerned. It can only produce a stronger China and stronger relations

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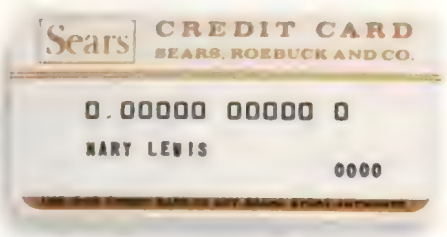

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But perhaps the most important thing to keep in mind is that the aerodynamic Monte Carlo for 1981 comes to you for the refreshingly affordable price of a Chevrolet.

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A matter of personal pride.

Chevrolet

between the U.S. and China in the years to come."

• • •

For 40 years he has marched in lockstep with his more celebrated mentor, engaged in the same skirmishes, succumbed to the same defeats. Last week he shared in the same triumph. China's new Chairman, Hu Yaobang (pronounced Who *Yow*-bong), is the obliging alter ego for Deng Xiaoping, the country's real strongman. A shade shorter and ten years younger than the 5-ft. 2-in., 76-year-old Deng, Hu has the same resilience, explosive energy and quick intelligence. At the same time, Hu is a demanding administrator who can be relied on to carry out the orders of his chief and champion.

Born to a peasant family in south-central China, Hu joined the Communist Youth League (C.Y.L.) at the age of 14, and was admitted into the Communist Party in 1933. He first attracted Mao's attention during the legendary 1934 Long March in the civil war against the Chinese Nationalists, when the Communists retreated 6,000 miles through eleven provinces before reaching Yanan in Shaanxi province. Though Hu never finished primary school and had to teach himself how to read, Mao assigned him to increasingly important jobs in the C.Y.L. in the 1930s. In 1941 Hu met Deng while they were both serving as political commissars with the army. Following the defeat of the Nationalists, Hu rose to become head of the C.Y.L. while his mentor, Deng, was a Vice Premier in the new Communist government.

When Mao launched his devastating Cultural Revolution in 1966, Hu was one of its first victims. With Deng, he was branded a "capitalist roader." Both men were stripped of power for nearly a decade. Hu was sent to a re-education camp, where he was obliged not only to tend cattle but to eat and sleep with the sheep and horses.

When Deng emerged from exile in 1975, he got Hu out of the stables. But after Hu prepared a report charging that the government was misusing China's leading scientists as field workers, he was again purged. His report was damned as "a big poisonous weed."

Following Mao's death in 1976, Hu once again was brought back to power by Deng. Since 1980, he has managed the party's everyday affairs as Secretary-General of the Central Committee. Lately, the press of work has reportedly forced Hu and Deng to give up playing bridge, their favorite game.

Little is known about Hu's family, even in China. He is believed to be married and to have three grownup children, all of whom are said to live the same kind of spartan life that he has led for years. —*By Patricia Blake.*

Reported by Edwin M. Reingold/Peking and Bing W. Wong/Hong Kong

POLAND

Big Brother Is Watching

Gromyko flies to Warsaw on the eve of a crucial congress

There were no photographers on hand when Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko stepped onto the tarmac at Warsaw's Okecie Airport last week. The official Polish press agency reported only that "high party officials" had been there to greet the distinguished visitor. The low-key arrival of one of the Kremlin's most powerful leaders, a man widely regarded as a pragmatist rather than a hard-lining ideologue, was seen as a reassuring sign by many Poles. Said one Warsaw journalist: "It means that the Soviets are prepared to accept what we are doing as long as it does not disturb the political and military balance of Eastern Europe."

That optimism may be premature. Gromyko's very presence in Warsaw was a sign of Soviet concern at a moment of political change and uncertainty unparalleled in Poland's postwar history. Buffeted by a year of sporadic labor unrest and economic turmoil, faced with the constant threat of Soviet intervention, the Polish Communists last week completed the election of delegates to an extraordinary party congress. Its purpose: to elect party leaders and act on a series of proposed structural reforms that are expected to make the Polish Communist Party by far the most liberal in the Soviet bloc. Even prominent non-party members like Lech Walesa, leader of the independent Solidarity union federation, were hoping that the congress would succeed and thus help stabilize the country.

Repeated Soviet warnings had failed to deter Polish leaders from calling the congress and choosing delegates in the freest elections the country has seen since the Communists consolidated their power in 1947. Under the new rules, nominations could come up from the rank and file as well as down from the leadership, and the final voting was done by secret ballot.

The results amounted to a sweeping purge of the party's middle-level leadership. The eleven-man Politburo emerged from the voting largely intact, losing two full members and two alternates. Far heavier losses were sustained by the Central Committee, which is still dominated by holdovers from the regime of deposed Party Boss Edward Gierek: less than a third of its 146 members were chosen. Some three-fourths of the 1,964 delegates will be attending their first party congress.

One of the first items on their agenda will be the election of party leaders. Party Boss Stanislaw Kania seems likely to keep his job. His personal prestige surged following an unsuccessful hard-line challenge to his leadership last month after the Kremlin sent him an ominous letter criticizing his failure to deal effectively with "counterrevolutionary forces." But the Central Committee appears destined for a major overhaul.

Whatever degree of internal democratization the party decides on, there remains the broader question of how it will cope with Poland's formidable problems. There are signs that Kania and his moderate supporters, including Premier Wojciech Jaruzelski, will retain control of the party and continue their policy of cautious reform. Jaruzelski clearly seemed to be in charge last week when he ousted or reassigned 18 Cabinet officials in an effort to improve the government's handling of a worsening economic crisis and food shortage. Indeed, on the eve of the conference, Warsaw wits were joking wryly that a Polish sandwich was a meat ration ticket between two bread tickets. ■

The Soviets' Gromyko, left, faces off with Polish leaders Kania, right, and uniformed Jaruzelski

A sign of concern at a moment of change unparalleled in Poland's postwar history

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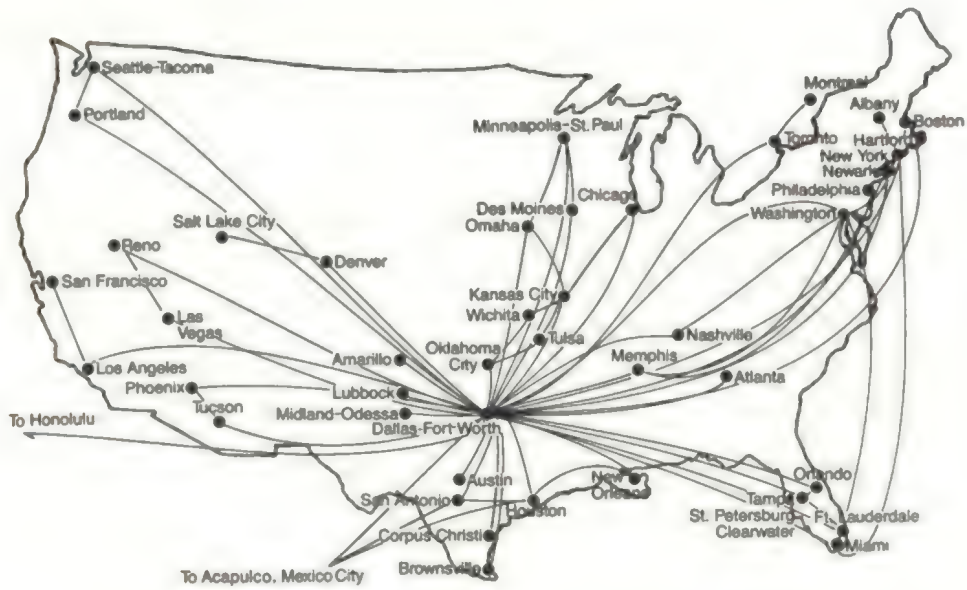

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Prime Minister Garret FitzGerald

IRELAND

New Coalition

FitzGerald gains power

For three weeks after Ireland's inconclusive general election, incumbent Prime Minister Charles Haughey and Opposition Leader Garret FitzGerald raced to form a new government. Last week FitzGerald won. He crafted an ingenious pact between his own pro-business Fine Gael (Family of the Irish) party and the ideologically distant, pro-union Labor Party. The result: a razor-thin majority of three seats in the Irish Dáil (parliament)—and a coalition so vulnerable it will take all of FitzGerald's wizardry just to last out the summer.

Perhaps the greatest threat to the new government lies in Northern Ireland. I.R.A. Militants Kieran Doherty and Paddy Agnew, both 26, won seats to the Dáil in last month's election, but neither has been able to attend. They are prisoners in the H-block of Ulster's Maze Prison, where Doherty is now in the seventh week of a hunger strike. His death or Agnew's resignation would cause by-elections that could be won by Haughey and his Fianna Fáil (Band of Destiny) party, thereby weakening FitzGerald's government still more. That possibility has forced both Irish leaders to reconsider their positions on Ulster. The former Prime Minister has begun criticizing the unyielding tactics of British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. At the same time, FitzGerald has reversed a pledge to give priority to Ireland's ailing economy. He called a settlement in Northern Ireland his No. 1 goal. Said he: "Whatever action is necessary, no matter how unpopular, it will be taken."

FitzGerald plans to continue the Irish-British consultations on Northern Ireland started by Haughey, by meeting with Thatcher later this year. Stressing that "uniting peoples is more important than uniting territories," he also hopes to open talks with Ulster Protestants, who so far have brusquely rejected his offer.

Meanwhile, London, fearful of an outbreak of Protestant terrorism, still refuses to grant I.R.A. hunger strikers political-prisoner status. Late last week, the strikers appeared to give ground somewhat, offering to drop their insistence on special status for themselves if their demands for improved prison conditions were applied to all inmates at the Maze.

More broadly, London insists that Ulster will remain British as long as a majority of its population—two-thirds Protestant—so desires. Humphrey Atkins, British Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, last week created an advisory council composed of 50 Protestants and Roman Catholics to help him govern Ulster. That plan was criticized by Protestants fearful of a "sellout," but former British Labor Prime Minister James Callahan went further. He called for a separate parliament and citizenship for Ulster.

Whatever the merits of Britain's case, the Thatcher government's apparent callousness over the hunger strikers in the H-block has been costly, especially in the U.S. Since the death of Hunger Striker Bobby Sands in May, direct and indirect contributions to the I.R.A. from Irish-Americans have reportedly tripled. During a visit to New York last month, Prince Charles was the target of loud anti-British demonstrations. Last week Queen Elizabeth's sister, Princess Margaret—who caused a furor in a 1979 visit to the U.S. when she was reported to have called the Irish "pigs"—was persuaded by Thatcher to cancel a proposed trip to Washington scheduled for next week. The reason: fears of further protests and even personal assaults by pro-I.R.A. Americans. ■

ITALY

Charmed Life

Spadolini passes a test

Only hours after he had been sworn into office last week, Prime Minister Giovanni Spadolini abruptly encountered his first test in the uses of power. Angry labor leaders were threatening to paralyze the country with a general strike if the Italian industrialists' association unilaterally broke a six-year-old agreement linking wage increases to the official inflation rate. Both sides were adamant; a clash seemed inevitable. Spadolini spent the night threatening and cajoling until the industrialists' association, Confindustria, agreed to meet again with the government and the unions to discuss all aspects of rising labor costs. "I'm still only a baby, but I'm not afraid of falling down," said Spadolini. "The right way to conserve power is to exercise it." It was an auspicious start for the bachelor, 56, leader of the small Republican Party and the first non-Christian Democrat since the war to head an Italian government.

For the moment at least, Spadolini appeared to be leading a charmed political life as the only alternative to new parliamentary elections that none of the bigger parties want. Tainted by the murky P2 Masonic Lodge scandal, the nation's biggest party, the Christian Democrats, were unacceptable to Socialist Leader Bettino Craxi, whose party made spectacular gains last month in local elections across the country. For their part, the Christian Democrats would have refused to participate in any government headed by the ambitious Craxi. Under the circumstances, President Sandro Pertini wisely turned to Spadolini, a former political science professor and journalist with high intelligence, a well-known capacity for work and an impressive record as an administrator.

Although Spadolini personally represents political change, his government turned out to be more of the same. Out of his 27-member Cabinet, there are 15 Christian Democrats, and they hold the key posts of Foreign Affairs, Interior, Justice, Treasury and Industry. Moreover, Spadolini this week presents a program to parliament much like that of his predecessor, Arnaldo Forlani. In fact, the Italian economy is so dangerously out of control that any government would have few alternatives.

Spadolini has inherited an inflation rate that is running at 20% annually for the second consecutive year, high and rising labor costs and a crippling budget deficit of about $45 billion this year. Until now a succession of weak coalition governments have found it politically impossible to push through cuts in government spending or to halt the inflationary system of indexing wages to price increases. It is now Spadolini's turn to try, but he is not expected to fare much better. ■

Prime Minister Giovanni Spadolini

Only a baby, but not afraid of falling down.

"Trailing a Promethean plume of fire and smoke, the entire 18-story-high, 4.5 million-lb. package thundered off the pad, shaking the earth for miles around. From the hundreds of thousands of spectators came encouraging shouts: 'Go, man, go!' 'Fly like an eagle!' 'Oh my god, what a show!'" *TIME, April 20, 1981.*

TIME

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Marcos, Wife Imelda and U.S. Vice President Bush toast U.S.-Philippine friendship

PHILIPPINES

Together Again

New attention for an old ally

Jet fighters screamed overhead in tight formation, native horns blasted, and a 1,000-voice choir boomed out Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus* ("And he shall reign for ever and ever") with no apparent sense of irony. Yet perhaps the greatest source of satisfaction for President Ferdinand Marcos last week as he celebrated his third inauguration in 16 years was that standing on the rostrum with Marcos and his wife Imelda was U.S. Vice President George Bush. After years of friction with Jimmy Carter over human rights, the Marcos regime was in favor again with a U.S. President. Indeed, Bush went well beyond expressing the normal diplomatic niceties, even for an old ally, when he said at a luncheon: "We love your adherence to democratic principles and to the democratic process, and we will not leave you in isolation."

Bush's bouquets to Marcos reflected the strategic importance the U.S. attaches to the Philippines at a time of growing tension with the Soviet Union. Marcos had just won a new six-year term in an election so controlled that every serious opposition candidate refused to run against him. But Clark Air Base, about 60 miles outside Manila, and the big naval facility at Subic Bay constitute the only permanent, secure U.S. military real estate between Japan and the Indian Ocean. As a U.S. official in Manila put it, Bush's visit "fits into the overall approach of the Reagan Administration that, if we're going to have allies, we're going to treat them as allies." To that end, Bush also noted before returning home that the Administration is "looking forward" to an official visit by Marcos to the U.S., something long sought by the Philippine President.

Last week's bonhomie upset the leaders of the Philippines' moderate, basically pro-American opposition. Two of them, Benigno Aquino and Raul Manglapus, sent a telegram to Bush from their American exile, appealing to him not to identify the U.S. with the present government. Marcos, on the other hand, pointedly and publicly reminded Bush of the Philippines' continuing friendship, "even after Viet Nam, when it was almost impossible to say one was for the U.S."

The only jarring note in Marcos' week of triumph, which was also attended by high officials from China and the Soviet Union, was his continuing feud with the Roman Catholic Church, whose leaders he had angered during the election campaign. Jaime Cardinal Sin, Archbishop of Manila, issued a statement assailing "frontal attacks" on the church and accusing the state of "making a mockery of the constitutional provision regarding freedom of religion." But Sin, in many ways a traditionalist, does not seek a confrontation with Marcos. "We are really helping him," Sin insists, "but he sometimes seems not to realize this." After his rapprochement with Washington, Marcos may decide he can do without such help. ■

WEST GERMANY

The Last Trial?

Old crimes, old criminals

The spectators' gallery of a Düsseldorf courtroom erupted with shouts of "Scandal!" and "An offense against the victims!" as the sentences were read out last week to the defendants, seven men and two women, all age 60 or older. One got a life sentence; another was acquitted; the rest received jail terms ranging from three to twelve years. Thus ended the longest (5½ years), and probably the last, major West German trial for Nazi war crimes against concentration camp inmates. The nine were all guards at the Maidanek concentration camp in Poland between 1941 and 1944. They had been charged with shooting, gassing, drowning or fatally beating some of the 250,000 Polish Jews, gypsies, Russian P.O.W.s and others who died there.

Best known of the defendants—and the only one to receive a life sentence—was Hermine Braunsteiner Ryan, 61, who was reportedly known at Maidanek as "the Mare," because of her predilection for kicking victims with her shiny jackboots. She was accused of murdering nearly 1,200 prisoners, mostly women and children, and of complicity in the deaths of 725 more. An Austrian, Hermine met Russell Ryan, then a U.S. Air Force mechanic, in Europe, married him in Canada in 1958 and later moved with him to the U.S., where she became a citizen and a resident of Queens, N.Y. She was discovered in Canada in 1964 by Simon Wiesenthal, a tireless tracker of Nazi fugitives. In 1971 she was stripped of U.S. citizenship on grounds of concealing her war crimes. In 1973 she was deported.

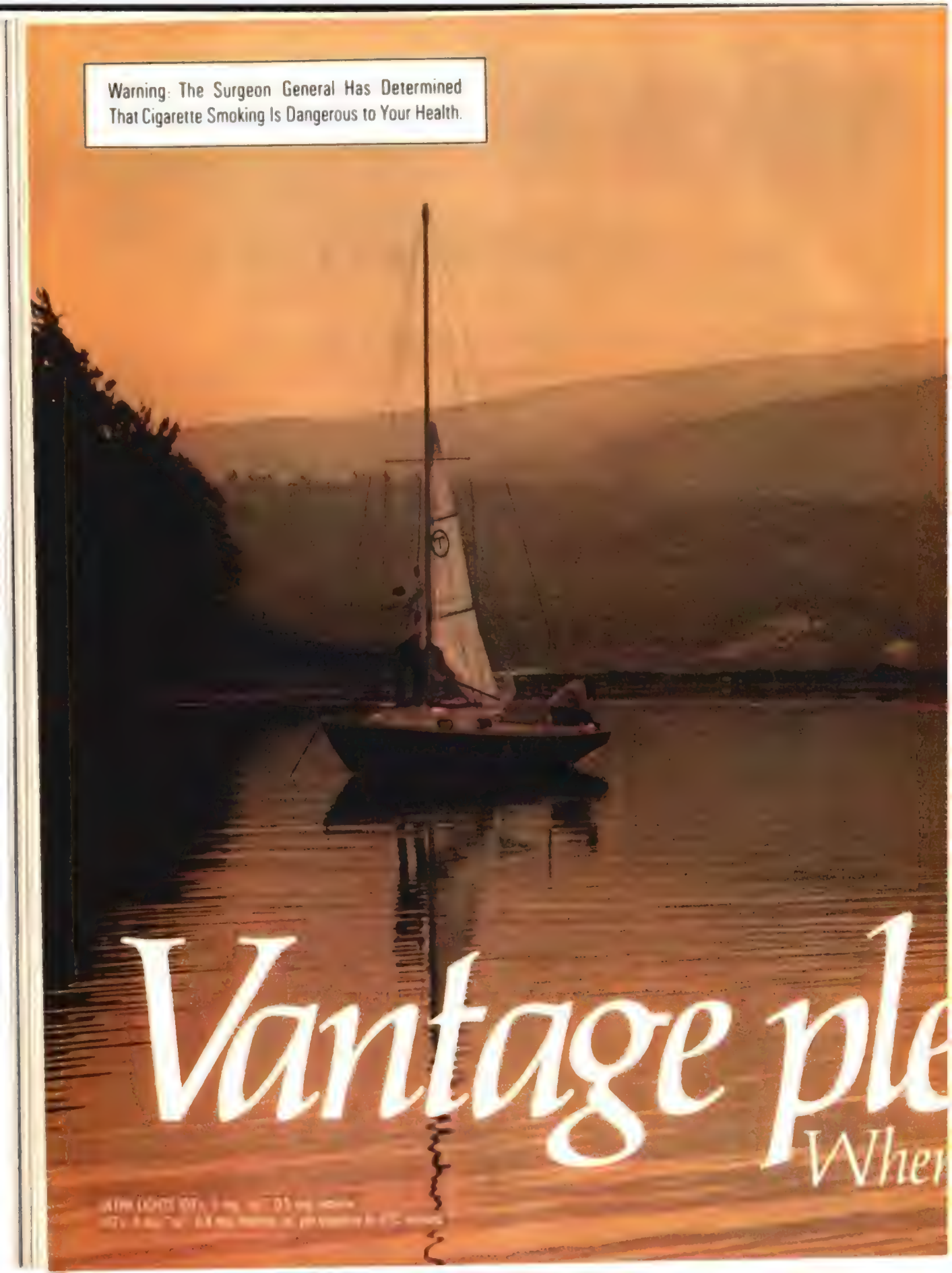
The relatively lenient sentences, handed down by a five-judge panel, drew harsh reactions beyond the courtroom, since they fell far short of what prosecutors had asked for: life imprisonment for four of the defendants and jail terms of between five and ten years for three others. Heinz Galinski, a Jewish spokesman in West Berlin, described the sentences as "an insult to all victims of the National Socialist regime." Even West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt told a group of Israelis who had formerly lived in West Germany that he found himself in "complete understanding" with the victims' relatives.

Hermine Ryan

But the sentences reflected the difficulties of establishing clear guilt for crimes, however horrible, committed 40 years ago. Under West German law, a defendant has to be linked by the testimony of witnesses to a specific murder in order to receive the maximum penalty of life imprisonment. Since the war, much evidence has vanished and the memories of former camp inmates have faded.

Of 16 defendants who went on trial in 1975, one died, one was declared medically unfit and four were acquitted for lack of evidence; one was tried separately for lesser crimes and got two years. Among the surviving defendants, nearly all admitted sharing the responsibility for the brutality of the camp but stopped short of admitting to any murders. Hermine Ryan told the court she now had "deep understanding and regret" for the sufferings of the prisoners. "I only reject the charge of murder," she added. In the end, the testimony was strong enough to exact the maximum penalty only for Ryan —and for just two murders.

West Germany has sought to atone for its Nazi past by bringing its war criminals to trial. A 1979 law indefinitely extended the statute of limitations for murder so that Nazi criminals could be pursued. But given the protracted length of such proceedings, the cost and the limited results, it is unlikely that any more such mass trials will take place. ■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Squirreling Away $100 Billion

Saudi Arabia's central bank practices prudence on a global scale

From Bedouin tent encampments to the traffic-choked streets of Riyadh and Jidda, Saudi Arabians by the hundreds of thousands turned introspective last week as religious sentiment swept their land. It was the start of Ramadan, the high holy month of Islamic fasting. But Ramadan or not, it was also pretty much business as usual in one imposing Riyadh office building. Inside the high-rise tower that houses the Saudi Arabian Monetary Agency (SAMA), computers kept humming and clerks kept counting as petrodollars continued to cascade into the desert kingdom's coffers at a rate of $320 million per day.

Guarding and investing much of the $117 billion or so that Saudi Arabia is now receiving yearly from oil exports is the responsibility of SAMA, and the money from oil knows no religion. In the past eight years, the kingdom's reserves of surplus petro earnings have swelled more than twentyfold, to at least $100 billion. As a result, SAMA, the country's central bank, has loomed as one of the most powerful and potentially threatening players in all of international finance. If it chose to do so, SAMA could buy scores of large American corporations and millions of acres of prime U.S. real estate. SAMA's vast holdings of dollars, German marks and Japanese yen are a worrisome wild card in money markets from New York to Tokyo. Adding to SAMA's menacing aura is its abiding secrecy. Western moneymen guard the identity of most Saudi investments lest they be blacklisted from SAMA's select roll of middlemen.

In fact, bankers familiar with SAMA's investments state flatly that the agency has little if anything to hide; the world's richest investor is also its most conservative. While other OPEC nations like Kuwait have a fondness for foreign land deals and high-stakes stock market plays, SAMA restricts itself to buying less than 5% of a company's stock. Explains a London banker who deals closely with SAMA: "The Saudis have an absolute terror of American politicians standing on the floor of the Senate and accusing them of buying up America."

Instead of stocks and real estate, SAMA's favorite investments are super-safe U.S. Treasury bills and notes, of which the bank now holds about $30 billion. Much of the rest of the agency's surplus is in short-term deposits at some 80 different blue-ribbon Western banks.

Still more is lent out in so-called private corporate placements. These loans —SAMA now has as much as $15 billion outstanding—are unpublicized transactions in which major Western corporations raise money by borrowing directly from SAMA. Among the private placements on SAMA's books: $650 million for A T & T, $300 million for IBM and $200 million for U.S. Steel.

The average interest rate on SAMA's unadventurous investments has been about 10%, and as a top SAMA official admits, their return has not kept pace with U.S. inflation. Yet the Saudi moneymen remain cautious, in part because they are relatively inexperienced. Since the Koran forbids the charging of interest, Western-style banking came late to the kingdom, and even today the Saudis use such phrases as "service fee" and "return on investment" as euphemisms for interest.

When SAMA was founded in 1952, its headquarters was a rabbit warren of small buildings near the old Jidda airport. Decision making rested largely with foreigners. The bank's first governor was an American, and as late as 1974, at the time of the first big surge in OPEC oil prices, SAMA was headed by a Pakistani.

In that year Abdul Aziz al Quraishi, now 51, became the first Saudi to hold SAMA's purse strings. A member of the kingdom's expanding corps of Western-educated technocrats, Quraishi has a master's degree in business administration from the University of Southern California, but has had to learn about banking through on-the-job experience. A trio of early outside advisers helped him to master the mysteries of global high finance: John Meyer, one-time chairman of New York's Morgan Guaranty Trust, Alfred Schaefer, once chairman of Union Bank of Switzerland, and Robert Fleming, who headed his own merchant bank in London.

Today, Quraishi moves among international bankers with ease. Almost every day financial pilgrims to SAMA check into Riyadh's sumptuous Inter-Continental Hotel near the bank's headquarters and await an audience with Quraishi. Even David Rockefeller, recently retired chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, was once spotted in the Inter-Continental lobby whiling away the time before his appointment.

Though Western bankers give Quraishi high marks for learning his craft quickly, he still leans on outside help. Among the 300 staff members at SAMA's central office are currently perhaps a dozen key foreign advisers, including investment strategists on loan from Merrill Lynch, the largest U.S. brokerage house, and Baring Brothers, the venerable British merchant bank that 178 years ago helped finance the Louisiana Purchase. Top-level outside advice also flows in from senior officials of Morgan Guaranty, London's National Westminster

SAMA's Riyadh headquarters and its governor, Abdul Aziz al-Quraishi

An absolute terror of being accused of buying up America.

Bank and Frankfurt's Deutsche Bank.

To reduce its dependence on foreign counsel, SAMA is now feverishly training a cadre of young Arab moneymen. Bootcamp is the Saudi International Bank in London, owned by SAMA and six of the world's leading financial institutions, including Banque Nationale de Paris and the Bank of Tokyo. The apprentice Saudi bankers soak up seasoning from their more experienced colleagues and practice their skills by helping to manage the bank's $1.2 billion loan portfolio.

Despite their shortcomings, the Saudi officials at SAMA are no soft touch. Says Michael Callen, who is managing director of the Saudi American Bank, a Riyadh-based affiliate of New York's Citibank: "A lot of borrowers think they've got a bank here run by people who ride camels. But the Saudis are tough and sophisticated. The foreign advisers may do the studies, but the Saudis make the decisions." One sign of tight Saudi control at SAMA: no telex can be wired from headquarters without a Saudi signature.

The chain of financial command in Saudi Arabia is short and autocratic. On multibillion-dollar investments, Crown Prince Fahd, who oversees most government matters for King Khalid, makes the final decision. For medium-scale transactions of a billion or two, Finance Minister Mohammed Ali Abdul Khail can give the approval. In deals involving no more than a mere $500 million, SAMA Governor Quraishi is empowered to act entirely on his own.

A quiet man with a hint of gray around the temples, Quraishi is somewhat aloof from the press. When asked for an interview, he sometimes demands written questions in advance. If he dislikes what he is being asked, he substitutes his own questions and pens a response.

By contrast, within the close-knit fraternity of international bankers, Quraishi's moods can vary from cold calculation to disarming cordiality. Says a London banker who deals with him often: "When he squints his eyes, you have to watch out. When his eyes twinkle, you know you are doing well."

In private, Quraishi displays the overflowing hospitality characteristic of Saudis. Richard Debs, a managing director of New York's Morgan Stanley investment banking house, recalls the time that Quraishi invited him and his wife on an excursion to the hills north of the Saudi town of Medina, where they picnicked Bedouin-style on rice and lamb among the Nabataean ruins.

SAMA's coziness with Western bankers, and its safety-first investments, have stirred resentment among the Saudis' poorer neighbors. A leading Lebanese newspaper, *As Safir*, charged last month that Saudi Arabia was "a hostage of the West" held by "chains of gold." Arab nationalist groups throughout the Middle East argue that more of the Saudi surplus should be invested in the Third World

The premium prices that the Saudis and other OPEC members command for their oil have pushed many developing nations into a state of destitution. The mountain of Third World debt now exceeds $370 billion, but the Saudis have used only a small fraction of their available revenues for foreign aid and low-interest loans. Demands are thus increasing that the Saudis do more to help out.

The Saudis seem willing to oblige, but they prefer their loans to be channeled through organizations like the International Monetary Fund, whose members share the hazards of lending the money. Last March SAMA agreed to loan the IMF nearly $10 billion over the next two years. In exchange, the Saudis received a permanent seat on the fund's executive board. That body decides which countries get financial help from the IMF and the conditions attached to the loans.

In fact, some students of Saudi policy wonder whether the government's motives are really all that altruistic. Saudi Arabia has in the past urged the IMF to grant observer status to the Palestine Liberation Organization, and critics of Saudi foreign policy like Middle East Scholar Rand Fishbein, of Johns Hopkins University, now fear that the Saudis will use their new clout within the fund to force IMF cooperation on the P.L.O. question.

Any such petrowealth power play would, of course, be dangerous for world political as well as financial stability, and so far the Saudis show no sign of undertaking it. That is to be expected. As the holder of more dollars than it knows what to do with, the Saudi Arabian Monetary Agency stands to gain much by caution and prudence, and to risk everything by impulsive actions that upset the world's finances. With enormous wealth comes large responsibility, and SAMA seems up to the challenge. *—By Charles Alexander. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Adam Zagorin/Beirut*

Arab World Wheeler-Dealer

What the tiny (pop. 1.4 million) Persian Gulf emirate of Kuwait loses in size to Saudi Arabia, it more than makes up for in aggressive money management. In contrast to the Saudis, with their conservative investment policies, the Kuwaitis have long used their surplus oil revenues, which now exceed an estimated $65 billion, to wheel and deal in real estate and in the stocks and bonds of blue-chip Western companies.

Unlike the desert-dwelling Saudis, the coastal Arabs of Kuwait have a lengthy tradition of commerce with other peoples. Less orthodox in their Islamic observance than the Saudis, the Kuwaitis also have a more relaxed and open attitude toward banking and finance. Sniffing out a deal is in their blood.

In the U.S., Kuwait has built an impressive investment portfolio, with some $7 billion in the securities of a rich slice of U.S. industry that includes everything from computer companies to energy firms to banks. The Kuwaiti U.S. portfolio is managed chiefly by New York's Citibank, though reportedly Kuwaiti officials have threatened to move some of it elsewhere because of dissatisfaction with the bank's management of their investments.

In real estate, the Kuwaitis have moved rapidly into the U.S. Sunbelt. They own the 30-story Atlanta Hilton Hotel, as well as all of South Carolina's Kiawah Island, a resort that has generated some $200 million in revenues for the Kuwaitis on an original investment of only $17.4 million. Kuwait owns parcels of real estate in New Orleans, Boston and Washington, D.C., including office space now rented by the General Services Administration.

Sophisticated though they are, the Kuwaitis have also made some mistakes and miscalculations. In the 1970s the sheikdom tried to acquire a controlling interest in West Germany's Daimler-Benz automaker but abandoned the effort after German bankers formed a consortium to keep the power in German hands. Last year Kuwait bid $982 million for a 14.6% share of Getty Oil of Los Angeles but dropped the tender offer after executors of the estate of J. Paul Getty resisted. In spite of such setbacks, the emirate is plainly doing something right: revenues from its investments this year should reach $7.6 billion, nearly three times the $2.6 billion that Kuwait received from oil in 1972.

Kuwaiti-owned Hilton in Atlanta

Clausen's Debut

A new boss at the World Bank

Timidity was hardly his trademark during eleven years as the head of San Francisco's Bank of America. Yet when A.W. (Alden Winship) Clausen, 58, moved into the president's office of his latest assignment last Wednesday, he sounded properly cautious. Said the new leader of the $40 billion World Bank: "I'm not a hip-shooter. I do my homework."

Clausen's mandate is anything but clear. Though Ronald Reagan approved his selection by Jimmy Carter last October, the White House has let Clausen understand in no uncertain terms that the Administration will be watching to see if the World Bank can become a more effective conduit for U.S. foreign aid. Dismayed with the liberal image that the bank acquired during the 13-year presidency of Robert S. McNamara, the White House has reluctantly agreed to provide money promised by the last Administration but at a slower pace.

Congress, too, seems wary of the bank's funding, especially when social programs are being trimmed. The House is threatening to make heavy cuts in U.S. contributions to the World Bank's affiliate, the International Development Association, which makes loans to the poorest countries at no interest.

Clausen, a Republican, is taking charge at a time when many of the 139 nations that belong to the bank are uneasy about the U.S.'s longstanding control over the institution. Ever since 1944, when the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund were jointly founded, the bank has been headed by an American and the IMF by a European. The U.S. still provides 21% of the World Bank's lending funds, but the country's foreign aid programs have not kept up with inflation in recent years. In 1970 U.S. foreign aid was, by almost any measure, one of the most generous programs in the world. But, on a per capita basis, the U.S. now ranks only an embarrassing 15th among industrialized nations in foreign aid, just ahead of Italy. Thus, to Third World nations, loans from the World Bank are now more important than ever.

The Bank's original task was to help finance the rebuilding of Europe after World War II. But over the years its focus has shifted increasingly toward Third World economic development. Last year it lent more than $12 billion to nearly 100 countries for projects such as mining, agricultural development, road building and rural electrification.

Clausen insists that the U.S. should continue to support the World Bank, if only out of self-interest. Says he: "The stronger those Third World countries become, the more they can absorb our products, and that means jobs at home." About 12% of the U.S. gross national product already depends upon foreign trade, and the figure seems certain to grow still higher by the end of the 1980s.

Even so, Clausen may still have to back off from at least some of the supergenerous loan proposals made by his predecessor. Before he stepped down last month, McNamara, 65, set in motion an ambitious program to expand World Bank lending, already at $12 billion annually, to a full $30 billion by 1985. Raising that much money may simply be beyond the World Bank's powers without huge infusions of new capital from the U.S.

As Clausen knows, the key to winning renewed U.S. backing for the World Bank will be convincing the Reagan Administration that the bank will eventually expand U.S. business opportunities as well as enhance free enterprise abroad. To get that message across, Clausen plans to devote considerable time to selling the American public on the bank. Says he: "I'm going to spread the gospel about an important institution."

Former Bank of America chief

Spreading a new lending gospel.

He may have trouble getting his message across in the White House. Clausen insists that the President has already assured him of support, but several high Administration officials have questioned the bank's funding. One sign of the fight awaiting Clausen in his new task is a study that has been commissioned by Treasury Under Secretary Beryl Sprinkel, a leading Administration advocate of sharply reduced federal spending. Its purpose: to see whether loans by the World Bank have tended to favor socialist countries. Says Clausen of the study: "I don't think we should have to answer any 'Have you stopped beating your wife?' questions." ■

Suing A T & T

Another setback for Ma Bell

With some 40 antitrust lawsuits pending against it, the giant American Telephone and Telegraph Co. (assets: $125 billion) is fast becoming one of the nation's most familiar courtroom defendants. Charged by competitors with service delays and unfair pricing to drive out competition, Ma Bell has entered into several agreements and is currently appealing a $1.8 billion antitrust award to MCI Communications Corp., which successfully argued that A T & T stalled in supplying telephone hookups needed for MCI to operate a rival long-distance telephone network.

Last week in a New York City courtroom, A T & T was greeted with more bad news. A jury of five women and one man held that the company had unfairly driven Litton Industries out of the telephone equipment business, and awarded $92 million in damages to the California aerospace and electronics conglomerate. If the verdict survives legal challenges, the sum will automatically be tripled under federal antitrust laws to $276 million.

Trying to find at least one encouraging aspect to his company's latest courtroom setback, Edward Goldstein, assistant finance officer for A T & T, pointed out: "We believe the award of $92 million is unjustified, but it is a far cry from the $570 million that Litton had sought. We will appeal the verdict." At Litton's Beverly Hills headquarters, General Counsel Robert Lentz was less circumspect. Said he: "Certainly we are not unhappy. The verdict vindicates our position that the Bell System violated the antitrust laws." Even so, Litton is not expected to return to the rapidly evolving telephone equipment business.

In strictly legal terms, the Litton decision has no bearing on the biggest antitrust case of all against Ma Bell—the U.S. Government's suit to break up A T & T, in part by spinning off its equipment manufacturing division, Western Electric. But the adverse Litton decision may nonetheless make it politically more difficult for the Reagan Administration to drop the case, as both the Commerce Department and the Pentagon have urged. They maintain that the nation's economy and security require a strong A T & T.

President Reagan could order the Justice Department to drop its prosecution. But Reagan's antitrust chief, former Stanford Law Professor William Baxter, 51, has said publicly that he believes A T & T's network of phone lines should be separated from the company's other activities. Last week Justice Department officials conceded that there is plenty of pressure to drop the case but, insisted one, "the department's posture is still to litigate it to the eyeballs." ■

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South Africa's Mineral King

Coping with turbulence in politics and prices

"To be successful, your business has to be fun." By that creed Harry F. Oppenheimer, 72, has become one of South Africa's, and the world's, wealthiest and most influential businessmen. These days, however, Oppenheimer, head of an $18 billion gold, diamond and natural resources empire, and one of the country's most outspoken critics of apartheid, is smiling less than usual.

Though he has a personal fortune believed to be well in excess of $250 million, and either directly or indirectly controls nearly 300 companies involved in everything from gems to groceries, Oppenheimer hardly has absolute control over the marketplace in which his companies' goods are sold. His giant Anglo American Corp. of South Africa Ltd. two weeks ago reported 1980 profits of $1.1 billion, up 65% from 1979, but sagging gold prices point to leaner times ahead.

Except for an accounting change, De Beers Consolidated Mines, the huge diamond company of which Oppenheimer is also chairman, would have had an 8% drop in 1980 profits to $861 million.

Tumult in the diamond market has come as a real surprise. Oppenheimer's De Beers group supplies about 85% of the world's rough diamonds, and is by a wide margin the most influential member of the London-based Central Selling Organization, an international price-fixing cartel of diamond producers. In spite of the cartel's efforts to stabilize the market, diamond prices have fallen because of excessive speculation combined with a slack in demand.

Gold and diamonds are hardly Oppenheimer's only lines of business. Though Oppenheimer inherited many of his mining interests from his German-born father, Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, who immigrated to South Africa in 1902, his complex and interlocking activities today include investments in uranium, chemicals, real estate, manufacturing, banking and insurance.

Oppenheimer and his wife Bridget live in a style befitting their wealth. Home is a colonial mansion surrounded by formal gardens in a northern suburb of Johannesburg. Decorations include paintings by Chagall, Goya, Renoir and Picasso, and bookshelves are lined with first editions of Lord Byron and other poets. Oppenheimer owns a stud farm where he raises prize race horses, and a 900-acre game preserve in eastern Transvaal.

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY RENEE KLEIN

As South Africa's most powerful industrialist, Oppenheimer defends his criticism of apartheid on both moral and practical grounds. Says he: "In South Africa today, we are suffering from the effects of 30 years of keeping the races apart. We cannot live forever isolated from, and condemned by, the great Western democracies. The dangers we face internally and externally call for major and rapid changes in our policies."

Oppenheimer's companies are known throughout South Africa for their willingness to improve job opportunities for black workers. Moreover, Oppenheimer has ordered that when blacks and whites in his firms do identical work they get identical pay. Further, he has ordered his managers to make detailed semiannual reports on exactly what else they are doing to promote equal treatment for black and white workers in their companies.

Recently, Oppenheimer has begun investing more and more of his assets outside South Africa, especially in North America, leading to speculation that he might fear for the country's long-term political stability. In fact, he says his real motive is simply to diversify. Says he: "The world is a wide place, and why shouldn't we do business elsewhere?"

Much of his foreign investment activity is being handled through one of Anglo American's affiliate companies, the Bermuda-based Mineral and Resources Corp. (assets: $2.4 billion), which is already a leading foreign investor in the U.S. through its 27% ownership of the giant Engelhard Minerals & Chemicals Corp. in New York. Last month Mineral and Resources Corp. expanded further in the U.S. with the takeover of Sovereign Coal Corp. in Bluefield, W. Va., Harman Mining in Harman, Va., and Terra Chemicals International, Sioux City, Iowa. If that sort of investment continues, Americans may come to know Harry Oppenheimer as well as South Africans do. ■

Gold's Deepening Gloom

Precious metals investors took another beating last week The price of gold plummeted $29.10, to $412.10 per oz. Since it reached a peak of $850 in January of 1980, gold has steadily lost more than half of its value. Silver's slide, from a 1980 record of $50.35 per oz., has been even more precipitous. Its price plunged 9% last week to $8.40 per oz.

The continuing drop reflected the strength of the dollar, which last week reached its highest level against the British pound in three years and bought more French francs than at any time since the end of World War II. Towering U.S. interest rates have tempted Europeans to shift huge sums into American dollar deposits. High rates have also made it painfully expensive to hold gold and silver, which pay no interest at all.

Many investors originally bought gold and silver because they feared that worldwide inflation was out of control. But slow growth and tough monetary restraint by governments have eased inflationary pressures both in the U.S. and Europe. Thus gold and silver are losing some of their luster as hedges against rising prices.

The gold trader's traditional tonic has been a good dose of bad news. Now the markets are so numb that current crises no longer shock. The Israeli attack on Iraq's nuclear reactor, the bomb blast that killed high Iranian officials and the presence of Communists in the French Cabinet have all created hardly a stir among precious metals dealers.

Prices may keep on sinking. The Reagan Administration has proposed the sale of all the 139.5 million oz. in the U.S. silver stockpile to raise money to buy metals of greater strategic importance like cobalt and titanium. That action could depress silver prices still more. Gold dealers fear that South Africa may sharply boost sales of that metal to cover its growing balance of payments deficits. James Sinclair, who heads his own New York trading firm, predicts that gold could go as low as $250 before buyers begin to return to it.

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Thrifts Coup

A bailout plan for S and Ls

It seemed like an idea with little if any future when officials of the U.S. League of Savings Associations first started batting it around earlier this spring. But by last week the prospects for what amounted to a two-year federal bailout of the nation's desperately troubled savings and loan industry had brightened beyond almost anyone's expectations.

Savings banks and S and L institutions are suffering badly from the nation's double-digit interest rates, which have flattened the housing market, savaged the mortgage-lending business and caused upwards of $43 billion to flood out of bank deposits and into higher yielding investments like money-market funds. As a result, the industry has for months been pushing a tax-subsidized savings plan known as the "all-savers" certificate as a way to solve its problems. The proposal has now taken a big step forward with votes by key committees of both the House and Senate to include it in the Reagan Administration's tax bill, which is moving through Congress.

The all-savers certificate would allow savings banks and S and Ls (in one version, commercial banks as well) to pay an interest rate equal to 70% of the going twelve-month Treasury bill rate. The certificates would become available for one year beginning Oct. 1, after which Congress would decide whether or not to renew the program. By some estimates, sales of certificates could reach $200 billion.

The real appeal to savers comes from the plan's tax features. Investors would pay no federal income taxes on the first $1,000 of interest for individuals and $2,000 for married couples filing jointly. Thus at a current Treasury bill rate of 14% on a $10,000 certificate, an investor would receive 9.8% in interest, or $980 tax free. The higher a person's tax bracket, the more attractive the investment becomes.

Congress's lopsided approval of the plan (20 to 0 in the Senate Finance Committee, 29 to 3 in House Ways and Means) was the result of one of the year's most determined lobbying drives. One leader of the blitz was Industry Lobbyist Coley O'Brien, who quarterbacked Notre Dame's 1966 national championship tie game against Michigan State. This time his team included the savings league's 500-member legislative conference of bank executives and its 160-strong Political Action Group.

Contrary to what supporters of the all-savers plan claim, many critics of the concept argue that the certificates will simply deflect savings and investment out of stocks and municipal bonds, force up other interest rates and not actually increase the amount of overall savings by very much.

Treasury officials estimate that the plan, at present interest rates, could cost the Treasury as much as $4.5 billion in lost revenues over the next three years. Said one of the plan's original co-sponsors in the House, Florida Democrat Sam M. Gibbons, after digesting analyses of its economic impact: "This is one of the worst pieces of legislation I have ever introduced. It does not begin to help all savers at all."

Though the Administration opposes all-savers, blocking it may be difficult. The White House has already agreed not to oppose the Senate Finance Committee version of the President's tax bill, which, except for the all-savers rider, closely tracks the original Reagan tax-cut proposals. Unless the Administration can succeed in getting the all-savers clause deleted when the tax measure comes to a full debate later this summer, subsidized savings may become part of the first tax bill signed into law by this most outspokenly antisubsidy President. ■

Eurovacations

Longer and cheaper

Vacationers at the beach, Rimini, Italy

Kevin Luke, 16, of London, was hired as a British postal clerk only eight months ago. But like most of his countrymen, he is nevertheless now looking forward to a nearly four-week paid vacation, including a summer holiday he plans to spend in Italy.

Almost a month off after only eight months on the job seems like the vacation deal of all time to most Americans, who on average must complete one full year of service to be eligible for a mere nine paid vacation days. But lengthy vacations are generally the norm throughout Europe for labor and management alike.

When compared with holidays for Europeans, vacations for Americans seem downright puny. A report last month by the U.S. Department of Labor showed that during 1980, the average U.S. worker with three years of service got only ten days of vacation. By contrast, in West Germany 95% of workers enjoyed at least four weeks of paid vacation during the year.

In many European nations, vacation is considered not a matter of company largesse or individual trade union contract, but an official right granted workers by generous national laws. Little or no weight is given to worker age or job tenure in computing basic vacation entitlements. France virtually shuts down in August as businesses close and urban dwellers flee to the Pyrenees and the seashore. French law provides two days of vacation for every month worked, or typically almost five weeks of holiday per year for nearly all employees. A month-long hiatus is also a tradition in Italy, West Germany, Scandinavia and Spain. In fact, Europeans have trouble comprehending the prevalence of shorter vacation spans in the U.S.

Though Britain has not historically been as vacation-obsessed as Continental Europe, the U.K.'s entry into the European Community in 1973 is helping to change that. Some 60% of British manual workers now receive between four and five vacation weeks annually. Explains Benjamin Roberts, professor of industrial relations at the London School of Economics: "Employers in the U.K. have found it difficult to resist demands for longer holidays because they have seen them in effect in Europe. American employers tend to look at the cost-effectiveness of vacations and therefore take a stronger line."

European workers not only take longer vacations, but also find it easier to pay for them, largely because their companies often help pay for a substantial amount of vacation costs. Some firms go so far as to offer cash to cover hotel, meals and transportation. About 90% of workers in West Germany receive *Urlaubsgeld* (holiday money), a bonus that can equal 45% of the salary a worker collects during his paid vacation period. Other companies subsidize vacations by funding resorts and tours for employees. In France, the state-owned Renault automotive firm contributes to the operation of 30 family vacation villages that offer tennis, snorkeling, golf and horseback riding—plus baby-sitters for children. Employees who earn $800 monthly pay only $51 each week to stay at these resorts, located in such popular getaway spots as Brittany and Corsica.

Unlike their workaholic American cousins, Europeans tend to see lengthy vacations as somehow part of the natural order of things. Thus unions are sometimes willing to accept a management offer for increased vacation time instead of a rise in hourly pay rates. As an official of Britain's Transport and General Workers' Union puts it, "What has normally happened is that the union has gone in to negotiate a 35-hour week and come out instead with a longer holiday." ■

Grounding a Critic—and Others?

The high court upholds the lifting of a maverick's passport

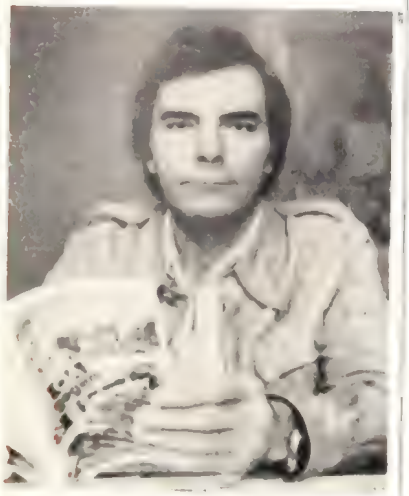
In 1979 the Iranian "students" who had just seized more than 50 American hostages at the U.S. embassy received a surprising offer: Would they like expert analysis of CIA documents that might lay bare the agency's involvement in Iran's affairs? What was most notable about the offer was that it came from an American, himself an eleven-year veteran of the CIA. He was Philip Agee, now 46, who after leaving the agency in 1968 launched an international campaign to expose its undercover agents and methods. Since the publication of his 1975 book, *Inside the Company: CIA Diary*, he and his collaborators have stripped the cover from hundreds of operatives, a few of whom were later mysteriously killed. Before Agee could board a plane to Tehran, however, then Secretary of State Cyrus Vance revoked his passport, thus keeping him in West Germany, his temporary home since 1978. Agee convinced two federal courts in Washington that Vance had exceeded his authority. But last week the Supreme Court, by 7 to 2, reversed both lower courts and upheld Vance.

At issue was a 1966 State Department regulation allowing a passport to be revoked if the holder's activities abroad "are causing or are likely to cause serious damage to the national security or foreign policy of the U.S." Congress gave the Executive Branch the power to oversee such matters in 1926, but Agee argued that the 1966 regulation was too sweeping. Writing for the majority, Chief Justice Warren Burger disagreed, maintaining that Congress had long recognized the Executive's broad passport authority and had passed up obvious opportunities to limit it.

Nor could Agee convince the court that Vance had denied him three constitutional rights: freedom of speech, freedom to travel abroad and a due process hearing before the revocation. Burger dismissed these claims as "without merit." Weighing the right to travel against the Government's concerns, he said, "No governmental interest is more compelling than the security of the nation."

The decision filled many lawyers —and other U.S. citizens—with misgivings. "Nobody likes Agee very much," said Columbia Law Professor Benno Schmidt Jr. "But in its haste to punish Agee, the court wrote an overbroad and ill-conceived opinion." Added American Civil Liberties Union Lawyer Mark Lynch: "There's nothing in the opinion that limits the ruling to former CIA agents. Spock, Coffin, Fonda, Hayden, Ramsey Clark—all these critics speaking around the world could have had their passports taken away."

His case finally settled and his passport definitely lost, Agee could now be forced to return to the U.S. But last week's setback may do little to slow the ex-agent's campaign; due out this month is his latest book: *Philip Agee on the CIA and El Salvador*. ■



Ex-Agent Philip Agee at his Hamburg home

"An overbroad and ill-conceived opinion."

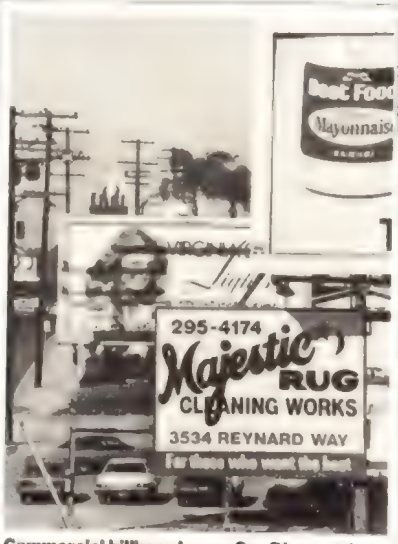
The Final Days

Court adjourns with a flurry

The U.S. Supreme Court is an institution steeped in traditions: the round of handshakes before its conferences, the help the Justices give one another in donning robes before taking the bench and, each year, the barrage of weighty decisions during the term's final days. Sure enough, last week the court ended its nine-month session with several rulings that, while overshadowed by the Iranian assets case and the Agee passport decision, nevertheless remain significant.

The court ruled that broadcasters must give "reasonable access" to candidates for federal office who wish to advertise. The issue arose when the three major television networks turned down then President Jimmy Carter's request to purchase a 30-minute political ad in December 1979. ABC and NBC said it was too early in the campaign season, while CBS demurred because it feared that all his rivals would want to buy time and thus disrupt programming.

The dispute first went to the Federal Communications Commission. Relying on a "reasonable access" guarantee in a 1972 statute, the FCC ordered the networks to grant Carter's request. Chief Justice Warren Burger, writing for a six-man majority, backed up both the FCC and the statute, which he said "represents an effort by Congress to assure that an important resource—the air waves—will be used in the public interest."



Commercial billboards on a San Diego strip

A Tower of Babel agreed on prohibition

In another 6-3 ruling, the Justices found that Montana's 30% tax on coal, the highest such levy in the nation, was not an unacceptable burden on interstate commerce, even though most of it is shipped out of the state, and therefore was valid. After the decision, residents of energy-poor regions said they would urge Congress to establish a ceiling for such taxes.

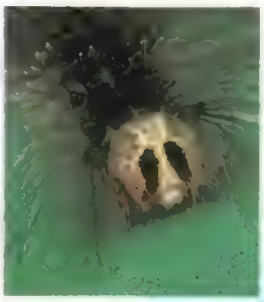
In perhaps the most confusing decision of the term, the court struck down a San Diego ordinance banning billboards as an unconstitutional infringement of free speech because the law was too broad. In the process, however, seven Justices with differing views on the ordinance agreed that states and cities do have the right to prohibit strictly commercial billboards. A bewildered Justice William Rehnquist described his colleagues' disparate opinions as "a virtual Tower of Babel, from which no definitive principles can be clearly drawn."

It was one of the rare instances during the term when the court failed to defer to a lawmaking body. It yielded to Congress (on all-male draft registration and tough strip-mine controls), to the Executive Branch (on passport powers and strict standards for cotton dust and lead in factories) and to states (on televising trials and the double celling of prisoners). Moreover, the Justices tended to resist the temptation to write broad new rules. In short, the court has been just the sort of strict-constructionist, nonactivist body that Ronald Reagan likes. ■

Munch Gypsy, Crunch Gypsy

In a cyclical battle, bugs are again triumphant over trees

Untold numbers of trees defoliated, stripped naked of all leaves. Squishy little creatures hanging from branches, crawling over the sides of houses, creating a sickly goo on roads. People rushing to their doctors with rashes on hands, faces, anywhere they may have brushed against the little pests. Neighbors arguing angrily about whether to resort to risky chemicals. Noisy town meetings. Anguished editorials in newspapers.

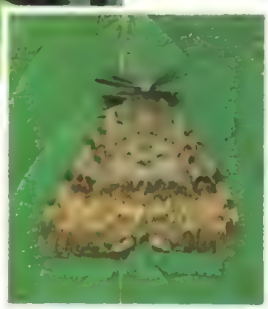


Episodes from a late-night horror flick? Not at all. More like *cinéma vérité*. Once again, the Northeast has been infested by gypsy-moth caterpillars in record numbers. Last year the bugs chomped so voraciously through more than 5 million acres of woodland that the usually lush summer landscape looked as leafless as in late fall. This year's damage, patchily extending from northern Maine to Maryland and beyond, is far worse: an estimated 11 million acres of forest, an area larger than all of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island.

Only 2 in. to 3 in. long when fully grown, the gypsy-moth caterpillar looks harmless enough: a brownish, multilegged strip of fur with telltale pairs of red and blue spots running down its back. But looks are deceptive. Ever since 1869, when it was inadvertently turned loose in Massachusetts by a misguided French naturalist who wanted to cross the European gypsy with the silkworm to produce a disease-resistant hybrid that would eat virtually anything, it has been munching its way across the Northeast. As many as 30,000 caterpillars can infest a single tree, and each of them can consume five or ten small leaves a day. They seem especially partial to the majestic oak but also eat fruit trees like apple and cherry, the maple and, alas, the already imperiled elm. If nothing else is available, they will nibble away at spruce, hardy pines and hemlocks, even shrubs—more than 500 species in all.

The feast begins in late April or May, when the caterpillars first emerge from their eggs. As they finish off one tree, they swing easily to another on silken threads they secrete. Their vagabond life accounts for the name gypsy. Millions can infest a small wooded patch. As they crunch, dropping excrement and half-eaten leaves, they sound like steady rain. Some homeowners complain that the noise actually keeps them awake. The caterpillars crawl up walls, spread over driveways, drop into plates and glasses at backyard barbecues. Last month Massachusetts officials got a call from a badly flustered woman. So many caterpillars had swarmed across her front door, she said, that she could not get in.

After molting for the last time, in late June and early July, the caterpillars spin the flimsiest of cocoons and harden into shell-like pupae, to emerge a week or two later as full-grown moths. Gypsy moths themselves do not eat. But each female lays velvety, tan masses of 100 to 1,000 eggs on tree trunks and buildings, on the undersides of cars, trucks and trailers, in carefully stacked woodpiles. Lighter colored and larger than the male, the female does not fly but attracts the male with a powerful chemical sex lure. By August both parents will have died, but the hardy eggs will survive through the winter, hatching in the spring and starting anew the devastating cycle.



From top: caterpillar at work; ravaged trees in Boxford, Mass.; male moth at ease

After the first big outbreak, in Medford, Mass., in the late 19th century, New Englanders began battling the gypsy moth by putting out arsenic, soaking egg masses in creosote, burning down whole trees. But the bugs kept spreading. Wafted by winds, hitchhiking on cars and campers, they slowly migrated to at least 21 states, including Florida and California, although so far only pockets of serious infestation have occurred west or south of West Virginia. In the 1950s, scientists thought they finally had the moths under control with DDT. But the pesticide caused so much ecological havoc, including the death of some of the birds and rodents that are the moth's natural enemies, that DDT has been banned from general use.

Entomologists agree that the moths can never be entirely eliminated. But containment may be possible. Early in the larval stage, when the caterpillars are still small and vulnerable, shorter-lived, milder pesticides like Sevin are useful, though Sevin also kills bees, which are needed for pollinating many fruits and flowers. Warns Cornell University Entomologist Warren Johnson: "By the time you see caterpillars greater than one-half inch in length, the time has passed for the most effective insecticide application." At that stage, however, a simpler tactic may help: encircling tree trunks with sticky bands that trap the caterpillars as they scurry up or down. One difficulty: as the bands become overloaded, the caterpillars evade capture by clambering over the bodies of their trapped brethren.

Lately, subtler forms of warfare have been introduced, including sprays that contain Bt (*Bacillus thuringiensis*), a bacterium that kills various moth and butterfly larvae. It, too, should be applied early. Another new experimental spray spreads a virus that afflicts the gypsies with fatal wilt disease, so called because the dying caterpillar shrivels into a kind of inverted-V shape. More diabolical are traps scented with sex lures to attract male moths. Scientists have also been distributing different types of insects—wasps, flies, beetles—that prey on gypsy moths at various stages in their life cycle.

Despite all this lethal ingenuity, the only really good news from the bug battlefront is that most healthy trees can survive two or three onslaughts. Indeed, foresters like to point out that the moths often strengthen the woodland by eliminating sickly specimens. But such Darwinian reassurances are little comfort to suburbanites worried about a favorite elm or oak. By now, about all they can do is keep the tree as healthy as possible —faithful watering and feeding help —gather up and destroy every clutch of moth eggs in sight, and wait until next year. —*By Frederic Golden. Reported by Anne Moffat/Ithaca and Sara White/Boston*

Glitter—and Sex—from London

Britain's Royal Ballet brings classics and a tawdry shocker

For the past month, New York City has served as a showcase for two of the world's top choreographers. First came the New York City Ballet's Tchaikovsky gala, a ten-day tribute to the Russian composer that also honored the company's legendary George Balanchine, 77. Then London's Royal Ballet held sway at Lincoln Center for three weeks, offering several works by Balanchine's contemporary Sir Frederick Ashton, 76.

A stylish company noted for its sumptuous productions of the standard repertoire, the Royal is celebrating its 50th anniversary this season with a tour of North America. As the Sadler's Wells Ballet, it burst upon the American scene in 1949 with an exquisite *Sleeping Beauty* that introduced Margot Fonteyn to U.S. audiences. The Royal's reworking of the Petipa-Tchaikovsky masterpiece became its signature, and was featured on its current tour with a performance attended by the visiting Prince Charles.

Isadora (Mary Miller): doing it for art

Along with classics, the company has unveiled many new ballets, chiefly by Ashton and current Principal Choreographer Kenneth MacMillan, 51. On this trip the Royal brought three works new to U.S. audiences: Ashton's *Rhapsody*, a glittering display originally created for Mikhail Baryshnikov; MacMillan's *Gloria*, a dark ode to the generation killed in the Great War, set to the bright strains of Poulenc; and *Isadora*, also by MacMillan, a tasteless, breast-baring melodrama about Modern Dance Pioneer Isadora Duncan, with a pastiche score by Richard Rodney Bennett. In addition, the Royal performed, for the first time in New York City, MacMillan's *La Fin du Jour*, a febrile evocation of the vanished world of the Bright Young Things.

Although Ashton retired as the Royal's director and principal choreographer in 1970 after 35 years with the company, he remains active, casting and rehearsing his ballets. "Some of the dancers ask for me specifically," he notes. "They get something from me they don't get from other people." A master of crisp classicism, Ashton cannot read music, but his feeling for it is strong. "My reaction is spontaneous," he says. "Once I've chosen the music for a ballet, I completely inundate myself in it. I listen to nothing else, so that it becomes part of me—I'm drenched in it." For the effervescent *Rhapsody*, Ashton selected Rachmaninoff's *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini*, reaching a climax with a pas de deux at the radiant 18th Variation. "You have to get in tune with the composer," says Ashton. "I do what the music tells me."

Sir Frederick Ashton

Rhapsody is a plotless, technical tour de force, brilliantly danced by the suave Anthony Dowell in a version slightly revised from the original seen in London a year ago. Dowell also danced the lead in Ashton's 1976 narrative ballet *A Month in the Country*, inspired by Turgenev and Chopin. One of Ashton's supremely bittersweet works, it demonstrates, together with *Rhapsody*, the septuagenarian's continuing artistic vitality.

If Ashton represents the Royal's humanistic spirit, MacMillan is its dark side. *Isadora*, an artless and tedious treatment of Duncan's life, travels down the same tawdry path blazed by MacMillan's earlier sex-and-violence shocker *Mayerling*. Portrayed by both an actress (Mary Miller) and a dancer (Merle Park and, alternately, Sandra Conley), Duncan emerges as little more than a slatternly Bolshevik from San Francisco with delusions of grandeur, her life story reduced to an explicit succession of sexual liaisons, childbirths and deaths. *Isadora* is trash, and even good performances by Park and Stephen Jefferies as her Russian husband could not rescue it.

Far better is *Gloria*, although the ironic contrast between the hopeful music and the pessimistic *danse macabre* quickly wears thin. Still, the ballet's final image of a solitary World War I soldier (Wayne Eagling) dropping out of sight into a trench is haunting. Fortunately, MacMillan also was represented by his best work, *La Fin du Jour*, in which his predilection for having his female dancers constantly hoisted aloft works splendidly in the ensemble-by-the-beach.

Throughout the run, the Royal's disciplined corps provided an elegant scaffold for the best principals: Dowell, the virtuosic Eagling, the impeccable Jennifer Penney, the patrician David Wall and the classy Park. Yet the corps is less precise than in years past, and the younger leads have not entirely compensated for the retirement of older stars like Fonteyn. The Royal remains very much a British company, in both personnel and attitude. During the performance attended by Prince Charles and Nancy Reagan, the dancers ignored three outbursts by I.R.A. sympathizers in the Metropolitan Opera House. "Why should we stop for a little heckling?" Ashton observed later. "We danced during the bombing in World War II. It would have been very un-British to have stopped."

—By Michael Walsh

Merle Park and Stephen Jefferies perform an erotic pas de deux in MacMillan's *Isadora*

John Crosby at the opera house he founded in 1957

Producers Beach, Wojewodski and Gardner at the Festival Theater

Show Business

Salzburg of the Southwest

Santa Fe adds a theater to its opera and art galleries

The peaks and deep-cut valleys of Salzburg helped stimulate one of the world's great music festivals. The jagged rise of Edinburgh Castle, at the summit of a hill that bursts up from the city, served as a symbol of its remarkable theater festival. In New Mexico, the dark Sangre de Cristo mountains, falling away to boundless plains, have inspired two generations of transplanted New Yorkers to envision a summertime American Salzburg or Edinburgh in 371-year-old Santa Fe.

John Crosby was 31 when in 1957 he founded the Santa Fe Opera in the Indian and colonial Spanish countryside where he had recuperated from asthma as a child. Today the troupe is internationally respected for imaginative productions and varied repertory. Pianist Alicia Schachter and her film producer husband Sheldon Rich went to Santa Fe for a vacation in 1972. A year later they started the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival. Renowned players and composers now cherish its sustained intimacy and stay together for brief postseason tours in Seattle and New York.

Santa Fe (pop. 50,000) has become an even more sophisticated haven than in the early decades of the century, when D.H. Lawrence, Georgia O'Keeffe and other writers and artists settled in its environs. They were outsiders, and Santa Fe has since become, with some disgruntlement, a city full of outsiders—many of them cosmopolitan and gifted. Neil Simon and his actress wife Marsha Mason have taken a house. So has Movie Actress Amy Irving. Watergate Figure John Ehrlichman, now a writer, frequents the bar of the fashionable, crowded Pink Adobe restaurant. According to the weekly Santa Fe *Reporter*, the town supports 25 to 30 fast-food restaurants and an astonishing 70 art galleries. The coyly named shops (Señor Murphy Candymaker) could be in Winter Park, Fla., or La Jolla, Calif., or a handful of other Sunbelt centers of the good life. But those towns lack Santa Fe's appealing, if uneasy, jumble of races and cultures.

The newest artistic venture, the Santa Fe Festival Theater, opened last week. Set in a deftly remodeled former armory, the theater was conceived as "part of an American Salzburg" by Producing Director Thomas Kahn Gardner, 30, Executive Director Christopher Beach, 30, and Associate Director Robert Wojewodski, 31. The three met in 1975, when they were working backstage at the Santa Fe Opera.

Their nine-week debut season led off with a rumbustious, top-of-the-lungs revival of *The Front Page*, that cynical fairy tale of newsmen with contempt for the truth who nonetheless embrace newspapering with a passion that crushes all other loves. Next week the theater will present Ted Tally's 1977 *Terra Nova*, a poetic, emotional drama about Robert Falcon Scott's second-place finish in the race to reach the South Pole—and his team's anguished way back, with the last of them dying only a few miles from base camp. While those productions continue in rotation, Michael York will open on July 27 in the lead of the third play, Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

The traditional disorder prevailed as last week's debut neared. Even the number of seats in the theater, reported as either 344 or 380, was anyone's guess. "I never counted them," said Beach airily. But if the producers were vague about budgets and commercial details, *The Front Page* showed that the company can be lively and at times rousing onstage. A lot has changed since Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur wrote the play in 1928. No American city is lucky enough to have eight competing newspapers any more, and probably no modern managing editor would ignore an earthquake in which a million Chinese died to preserve a human interest story about a rooster. Yet the play still works as media criticism and, even more, as a psychological portrait of newspapermen brawling boys in love with spectacle and hubbub, literally snapping towels at each other in a courthouse pressroom flanked by lockers.

The production features a

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE NORTHUP

Garrison and Randolph in the opening production of *The Front Page*

Newsmen as brawling boys, snapping towels in a locker room

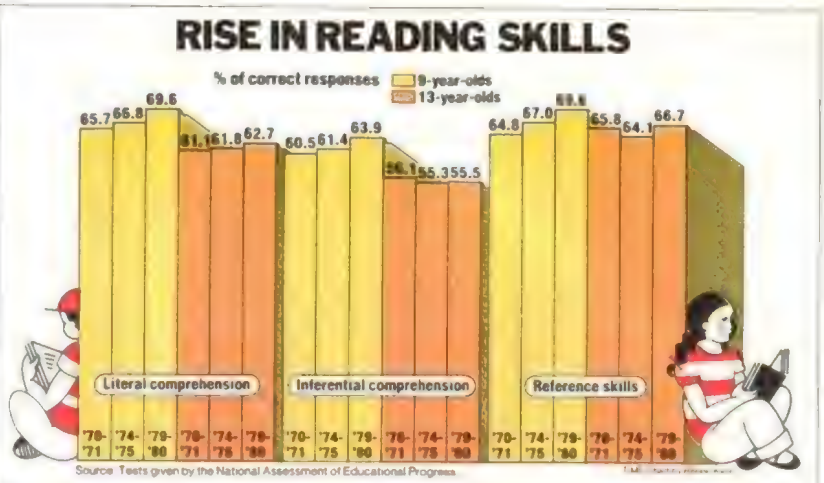
bravura portrayal of Managing Editor Walter Burns by Veteran Actor John Randolph (who as a real-life Bronx correspondent for the New York *Post* once reported the burning-down of his family home—"and rewrite got the facts wrong"). Alas, though the pay ($300 a week) is relatively generous, the Santa Fe Festival Theater can attract few middle-aged supporting actors. Thus timeworn newsroom veterans are played by men mostly in their 30s who appear to be in their 20s. That casting undoes a work as grubbily detailed as *The Front Page*.

In the play's biggest role, Reporter Hildy Johnson, David Garrison is brash, self-possessed, life-of-the-party, winning and entirely wrong. Hildy is nearing middle age. He sees one last chance to break free, give up the tabloid follies of youth and settle down with wife, pipe, slippers and mother-in-law. Garrison's Hildy instead sees endless tomorrows. The girl he loves enough to leave the *Examiner* for, moreover, ought to be so enticing as to make any man question his values. At Santa Fe she comes across as a drip and a nag.

Perhaps the Festival Theater's chief accomplishment, in this era of desperation for almost everyone in the arts, is amassing nearly $600,000 toward a first-year budget of $750,000. The bulk of the money, surprisingly, came from New Mexicans, including $150,000 in construction aid from the state legislature. The festival producers won an early—and substantial—contribution from O'Keeffe, 93, the region's arbiter of artistic merit. The opening-night audience included U.S. Senator Harrison Schmitt and former Governor Jerry Apodaca.

Originally, Gardner wanted to reach out to the Hispanic half of the community by opening with García Lorca's revenge tragedy of rural Spain, *Blood Wedding*, with five performances in Spanish. He planned to follow with John O'Keeffe's 1791 English comedy, *Wild Oats*. "Those thoughts," says Gardner, "came from sitting in west Greenwich Village apartments, not New Mexico. I assumed that because of the opera and the chamber festival, the audience would be sophisticated. When I talked to people about what they wanted to see, everybody, but absolutely everybody, said Neil Simon. I found we had an audience that knew about Hindemith and Stockhausen but nothing about the theater. *The Front Page* was as close to Neil Simon as we could get with an American classic."

Gardner and his colleagues may have been right to start with something safe. But they may also have established audience expectations of straightforward revelry that *Terra Nova* will confound. If the Festival Theater is eventually to stand with the opera and the chamber festival, it must play even farces for their fullest meaning—and surely must lift its audience beyond farce. —***By William A. Henry III. Reported by Martha Smilgis/Santa Fe***



Education

What Those Soaring Scores Mean

As marks rise, can real learning be far behind?

Students at the Garthar B. Peterson Elementary School in Atlanta used to dread standardized achievement tests. But this spring, when testing time came, their principal staged a pep rally and promised them a trophy and a party if they did well. It worked. When the results came in, the Peterson school had something to cheer about: after years in the doldrums, more than half its students scored above national norms in reading.

Peterson Elementary was not alone. Earlier this year, the Jacksonville school system announced that it now placed fourth in Florida test standings, up from a near bottom ranking just three years ago. California school officials proudly point out that their elementary pupils are doing notably better in math and reading than six years ago. Boston and Chicago have made similar claims about improved test results, and last week the State of New Jersey joined in too. And according to New York City school officials, more than half the public school students there now read at or above their present grade level —for the first time in ten years.

Improvement is generally attributed to increased parental involvement and classroom attention to basic skills. But how real is the progress? Bearing such nicknames and acronyms as CAT, ITBS, CTBS and METRO,* a bewildering battery of tests annually churns out statistics in "percentiles," "grade levels" or "stanines" (a scoring system based on nine that occupies only a single column on a computer punch card). Quite often, these obscure as much as they reveal. A month after New York school officials had boasted about the big jump in average test scores, parents of more than a fifth of the city's seventh-graders learned that their children would be held back a grade because of "reading deficiencies." Simply switching one test for another can dramatically improve scores. When Cleveland schools substituted the California test for the more rigorous Iowa test this year, the number of students with average and above-average scores jumped by 10%.

Critics point out that the "national norm" measuring a student's performance is far from absolute. It has been set lower in recent editions of some tests to reflect declining scores. A student above this year's norm is likely to be below the norm of, say, 15 years ago. Skeptics also complain that teachers are drilling students on test skills instead of real reading and writing. Disgusted by the cramming mania, one Missouri superintendent recommended that schools in his district refrain from "preparing for the Super Bowl."

The closest thing to a standardized estimate of U.S. student achievement is the periodic reports put out by the National Assessment of Educational Progress (NAEP), a Denver-based agency funded by the Federal Government. NAEP tests children at ages nine, 13 and 17 in such subjects as reading, math and science, using a representative sample from all over the U.S. A study released this spring tested reading skills; it contrasted literal understanding of a passage with inferential —the ability to draw conclusions about it. The study found that nine-year-olds have improved as much as 3.9% since 1971 in reading skills, whites by 2.8% and blacks by 9.9%. Among the 13-year-olds, whites stayed about the same; blacks rose by 4.2%. Score one for real learning. ■

*For California Achievement Tests, Iowa Tests of Basic Skills, Comprehensive Tests of Basic Skills, Metropolitan Achievement Tests

The New Runaways: Old Folks

Nursing home residents break out, if only for a day or two

Chicago police call them "wanderers," "walkers" or "repeaters." They are old people—some depressed, some senile, some merely looking for action—who stray from nursing and rest homes all over the city. In the past two years, 1,618 men and 802 women over age 65 have disappeared, if only for a few hours or a day or two. Says Arnold Levine, administrator of Chicago's Royal Gardens Nursing Center: "It's a very serious problem."

Most walkers are back within 24 hours after a minirebellion or a nostalgic trip to old neighborhoods. Says Royal Gardens Resident Arthur McShane, 75, who has been picked up six times in and around Chicago: "You get tired of it here. I go back to my old neighborhood because it's busy." A man who likes to ride trains often sneaks out; he was once picked up in Salt Lake City. An unmarried couple in their 70s escaped regularly for weekend flings, leaving separately and meeting at a Salvation Army center. Says the man: "It was something to look forward to."

Elsewhere the phenomenon is familiar, if not as widespread as in Chicago. In Somerville, Mass., Mother Genevieve of the Little Sisters of the Poor says old people sometimes get into a cab and give the driver the address of a home they lived in many years before. In 1979 Phyllis Murphy, 72, who lived in a nursing home in Hyannis, Mass., filed suit against Governor Edward King, demanding state support for old people who want to live outside such homes. "There's no privacy," she said. "Somebody's running in your room one minute to mop the floors, or to ask you questions." Last February she was finally able to move into her own apartment. In New York City, residents of homes in Queens wander off seeking stimulation—the roller coaster at Coney Island, the lights in Times Square—or simply conversation. Says Police Officer Thomas Chodakiewicz: "Many will come into the precinct just to talk. When they leave, they say, 'Thanks, we just wanted to be listened to.' "

For some, walking away is intended as a more permanent escape. George Donahue, 70, disappeared from his tidy retirement apartment at Chicago's Lawrence House a year ago, leaving behind his checkbook and credit cards but no note for his family. Police assume that he is alive and getting his Social Security checks at a new address. Under the Federal Privacy Act, Social Security officials are not allowed to divulge information on AWOL oldsters.

Nursing home patients have a right to sign themselves out on their own recognizance. Few do so. Some may be unsure of their rights. Others may be worried about alerting family members who want to keep them safely tucked away. Some escapees cannot function in the outside world but are desperate to try. One wheelchair case, angered that his family would not remove him from his nursing home, broke out and was found dead in the Chicago River. But many are street-smart, eluding police for long stretches, sometimes cadging up to six meals a day at various social agencies.

"The runaways," says Chicago Police Officer Guy Neubert, a missing-persons specialist, "are often loners who cannot handle institutional living. They have been self-reliant and suddenly everything is done for them. They have nothing to do, and they want out." In most institutions an inmate receives only $25 to $30 a month from Social Security benefits and other income, while the home gets the rest. Out on the street, he has no bed or home, but he may have independence and a Social Security check for about $300.

To restrain runaways who are too fragile to survive on the outside, Administrator Edward Farmilant of Chicago's Somerset nursing home gave the front door guard pictures of 36 patients who might make a break for it. "I may be violating their civil rights," he says, "but many would be in danger on the streets." Administrators often see a breakout coming. Says Levine: "When residents get very quiet, we know they are thinking about leaving." Levine stopped one repeater by simply converting him from prisoner to guard. Now he is an "underground security agent" who watches the back door to see that no one slips out.

■ ■ ■

Friction between patients and their nurses may also account for the impulse to escape: the helpless elderly see the nursing staff as bored and grudging; though many nurses are heroically selfless, some think of themselves as stuck at the bottom of their profession. "Nurses who work in nursing homes traditionally have been stigmatized by their professional peers," says H. Terri Brower, a professor of nursing at the University of Miami's School of Nursing. Says Ruth Tappen, another professor at the school: "Nurses are not interested in working in nursing homes. They don't want to go near the places." In a study of 581 nurses working in southern Florida, Brower found that most of her subjects had no special training in gerontology. Many admitted that they had come to actively dislike the old, a feeling that grew more intense the more they worked in geriatrics. Those who spent 75% or more of their time caring for old people had the most negative attitudes about them, the most positive views were held by nurses who managed to avoid spending any time with the elderly patients. Brower's data seem to suggest that even within the subprofession of caring for the old, the higher the nurses' status the less time they spend with their patients. Nursing schools, Brower says, are not doing enough to prepare their graduates for the graying of America. —*By John Leo. Reported by Patricia Delaney/Chicago, with other U.S. bureaus*

Police officer, right, with Resident Arthur McShane at Chicago's Royal Gardens Nursing Center

Minirebellions, weekend flings and elderly people who cadge six meals a day

Biting the Hand of Hollywood

S.O.B. *Directed and Written by Blake Edwards*

The overweight jogger clutches his chest and sinks painfully to the sand, his ticker in mortal distress. He will lie there—at first in pain, later in death—for most of *S.O.B.* That is because it is his misfortune to have been taking his exercise in the world capital of self-absorption, the beach at Malibu, where movie people tend their tans, mend their deals and bend their minds with all sorts of curious additives. Dying is something that happens to your friend's act in Vegas or your rival's picture in Gotham. It is acceptable as metaphor, inconvenient as reality, something to be ignored in the hopes that it will go away, like a pinging in your Mercedes motor. It is a measure of this powerfully vicious and powerfully funny satire on Hollywood—undoubtedly the least benign movie about moviemakers ever released—that the only character with completely decent instincts is the runner's faithful dog, who stands by his man to the end, trying to call attention to his plight.

Chief among those ignoring the mutt's wails is Producer Felix Farmer (Richard Mulligan), who, when he is not staring sightlessly at the trade papers reporting that his latest film, *Night Wind*, has set a new record for low grosses and bad reviews, is trying to kill himself. He doesn't even notice when his wife Sally (Julie Andrews), the star of his disaster, leaves with both kids and most of the family motor pool. Down to his last Cadillac, his suicide attempts going unnoticed at the orgy his pals are staging to take their minds off his misfortunes, he is a sad spectacle.

But not to worry. Felix is a born producer. That is to say, an improviser. A little recutting, a little reshooting, and he can save *Night Wind*. All it requires is fending off the studio sharks, stealing a few million from his wife and persuading her to abandon her Julie Andrews–like image with a nude-to-the-waist turn in the X-rated redo. This the real-life Andrews manages with aplomb and utterly winning self-humor. If they gave a good-sport Oscar, she would be a shoo-in.

Her image breaking is less a matter of undressing than it is of unbending morally, for Sally turns around and blithely participates in a plot to steal Felix's remade movie back from him. He dies defending it ("Don't worry, this could add $10 million to the box office") and is accorded a sound-stage funeral—a stained-glass pattern projected on a cyclorama, his wife's guru reading from such sacred works as his list of credits (*Chicken at the Wheel, Love on a Pogo Stick*) and reports of boffo grosses for his last work. The mourners, of course, go right on making deals and trying to steal one another's lovers.

It is hard to say whether *S.O.B.* will be a meaningful comic experience outside the L.A.-N.Y. show-biz axis, but it is full of the splendid physical comedy that is Director Edwards' specialty. And besides, most of the movie types he so viciously caricatures are portrayed with high, vile spirits by the likes of Robert Preston, Larry Hagman, Robert Vaughn and Robert Webber, the meanest-looking crew since the Wild Bunch bit the dust. Edwards occasionally strays too far inside for his own good, lapsing from parodies of bad taste into the genuine article. But his work has pace and the courage of bleak convictions, not just about movie people, but the human race in general. In the end, one cannot help respecting a movie that hilariously links death and creativity, yet has enough childish lunacy to have one creep respond to another's admonitory finger wave by simply taking a bite out of the wagging digit. On a colossal scale, that is what Edwards has done in *S.O.B.*—bitten the hand that feeds him. And discovered that it is soul food.

Andrews in the ad Edwards (inset) nixed

A case of art—or hype—imitating life.

■ ■ ■

Blake Edwards is a lucky s.o.b. He is finally rich enough to support his career-long addiction to anger. The riches come from his *Pink Panther* films and *"10."* The anger reached nearly self-destructive heights in the early '70s when, after making a string of hits (*Breakfast at Tiffany's, Days of Wine and Roses, A Shot in the Dark*), he suffered an equal number of flops (*Darling Lili, Wild Rovers, The Carey Treatment*). These pictures, he insists, were sabotaged from conception to cutting room by studio production chiefs: Robert Evans, of Paramount, where *Lili* was made, and James Aubrey, of MGM, which financed the others.

"I thought I was going to have a nervous breakdown," says Edwards, who spent a lot of time "withdrawn and very, very angry," nursing murderous fantasies. Working eight to ten hours a day for six weeks at his home in Switzerland, he churned out his first vengeful draft of *S.O.B.* That was in 1973, and it was not until eight years later that Lorimar agreed to make his black comedy about Hollywood. It is a typical movie business irony that after Edwards finished making it, Lorimar signed a distribution agreement with Paramount, where, as Edwards sees it, his troubles began. It is certainly typical of Edwards that although his old nemeses have left Paramount, he has been fighting with the new management over the film's promotion.

The flash point was the original ad campaign, which stressed the topless debut of Julie Andrews. "Clearly they perceive the film first as the baring of my wife's breasts and second as a comedy," he protests. Paramount scrapped the campaign when Edwards threatened to remove the scene. Next, he tangled with the studio over the cost of a press junket, finally paying the $110,000 tab himself. "I want to tell you that various people are repeating lines right out of the script," he cries. "It is life imitating art. Every day, by phone or telex, they validate it."

"They" also help hype the picture, and an observer with his own taste for paranoia cannot help wondering how genuine this battle is. Edwards insists it is for real. "I cringe at what might come next," he told TIME Correspondent Mary Cronin. "The parallel between what is happening now and what happened on *Darling Lili* is chilling." This time Edwards has delivered the one sort of film the summer lacks—a tough, down-and-dirty comedy.

Anyway, Edwards has settled old scores. Evans and Aubrey will see something of themselves in Blackman, his lead heavy; Agent Sue Mengers has expressed the wish that an Alp fall on Edwards' house, which he says would be preferable to Mengers falling on it; Hollywood reporters will feel a twinge of recognition in his composite gossip columnist. "I don't think the movie will change people much, because the villains won't recognize themselves," he says. "They'll look at it and say, 'He's always been a crank.' But I made my statement. There it is, for better or worse."

—*By Richard Schickel*

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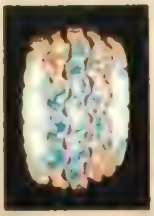

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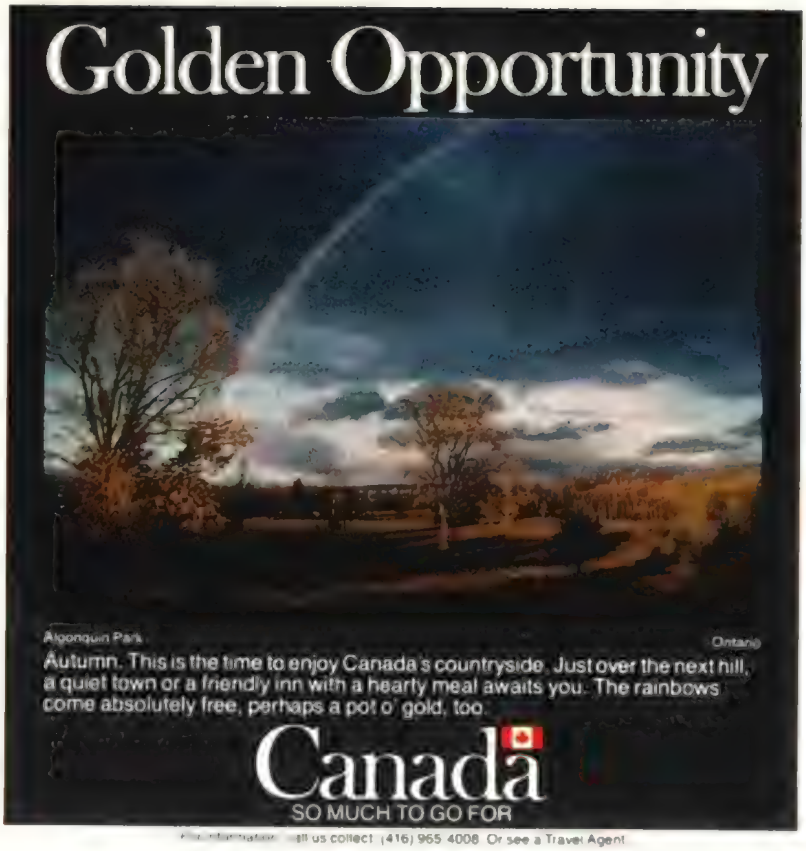

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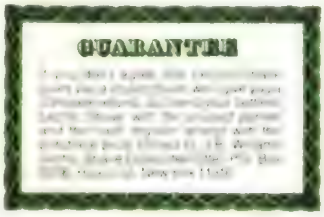

Cinema

Bund Wagon

LILI MARLEEN
Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder
Screenplay by Manfred Purzer, Joshua Sinclair and Rainer Werner Fassbinder

When she started, in Switzerland in the mid-1930s, she was Just a Gigolette, one of Seven Beauties singing in a Cabaret. Then Lale Andersen stumbled onto a discarded piece of Great War schmaltz, a soldier's love song called *Lili Marleen*. As German soldiers swarmed over the globe in 1939, they carried this song with them. Lale became a star—for a time, the darling of the Third Reich—and *Lili Marleen* the song of her life.

Hanna Schygulla in *Lili Marleen*

The Third Reich goes Hollywood.

This is the movie version, and it cleaves as tenaciously to the facts as any star biopic from Hollywood's heady days. Fassbinder built his reputation with films (*The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant, The Marriage of Maria Braun*) that played high-voltage melodrama as deadpan farce; here he has turned Lale's tale into what Hanna Schygulla, who impersonates her in the film, calls "a Nazi fairy tale." As the new star gorges on her celebrity, making love to her mirror image in a palatial white bedroom, her countrymen starve to win the war and her country's enemies are paraded to death. Told that her song reaches 6 million German soldiers every night, she muses: "Six million? I don't believe it. No, not 6 million."

Fassbinder means to contrast death on the Russian front and in the refugee camps (shot in the harsh, primary colors of the Fauves) with life on cloud nine of the Nazi fantasy (shown in the pastel soft-focus of the later Doris Day films). Indeed, one can find hints of the director's autobiography: a contrast between his pinchpenny past and his recent, glossier work. He appears here in the role of a "se-

cret Resistance fighter"—against the Nazis on-screen and the moneymen of the new German cinema. But he puts up too little resistance to the lures of an international cast (including Giancarlo Giannini as a Swiss Jew, and Mel Ferrer as his father!), a multilingual film (the principals appear to be speaking English, which has been dubbed into German and subtitled back into English) and a $5 million budget. Once, churning out more than 30 films before his 30th birthday, Fassbinder was called the movies' *Wunderkind*. At 35, he is *Kind* no longer. And, on the evidence of *Lili Marleen's* empty excesses, it's no wonder. —*By Richard Corliss*

Bad Apples

ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK
Directed by John Carpenter
Screenplay by John Carpenter and Nick Castle

It is 1997. Manhattan island is a maximum-security prison, surrounded by a 50-ft.-high wall and containing every scurvy convict in the land. When Air Force One crashes on the island and the President (Donald Pleasence) is taken hostage, only one man has the smarts and guts to get him out alive: War Hero and Master Criminal Snake Plissken (Kurt Russell). He has 24 hours to accomplish his mission before the President misses a summit conference and the microscopic explosives implanted in Snake's arteries are automatically detonated.

On its face—and a stubbly, scarred, scowling visage it is—*Escape from New York* functions smoothly as another of the new action-adventure films. John Carpenter, who hit it big with a pair of graceful, scary horror movies (*Halloween, The Fog*), here returns to the tone and textures of his earlier garrison melodrama *Assault on Precinct 13:* an apocalyptic shootout between the good-bad guys and the forces of maleficence. With his runty muscularity and a voice whispered through sandpaper, Kurt Russell is a sawed-off, charmless Clint Eastwood. Rather than involving the viewer with the characters, Carpenter seems content to put them on elegant display. Take it or leave it, love 'em or hate 'em, this is the face of America's future.

Maybe. But it makes more sense to see *Escape from New York* as a ferocious parody of popular notions about Manhattan today—the mugger's playground and pervert's paradise made notorious in comedy monologues and movies like *Death Wish* and *Taxi Driver*. In *Escape*, parking meters are piked with gaping corpse heads, bridges are mined to kill, the New York Public Library houses an evil genius named Brain, and Penn Station is littered with train carcasses out of a brobdingnagian's toy chest. John Carpenter is offering this summer's moviegoers a rare opportunity: to escape from the air-conditioned torpor of ordinary entertainment into the hothouse humidity of their own paranoia. It's a trip worth taking. —*R.C.*

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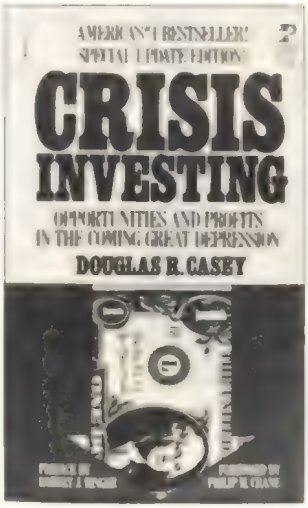

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Fred Finally Comes A-Cropper

Last-place NBC derails Silverman and hires Grant Tinker

SUPERTRAIN (NBC, daily, 7 a.m.-2 a.m.) *Last show of the series. The Supertrain is commandeered by Freddie, a brilliant but unstable technician who rearranges the schedule, fires the porters, loses most of his passengers and nearly derails the crack RCA Express. Freddie: Fred Silverman. Executive discretion is advised.*

It ran for 19 years on three different networks. It won high ratings for CBS and ABC, and a higher profile for its star. It provided thrills, laughter and tears. But last week, after a chaotic three-year run on NBC, *The Fred Silverman Show* was canceled. Silverman, 43, resigned as president of NBC when his new boss, RCA Chairman Thornton Bradshaw, 63, refused to guarantee him a free hand. Fred's successor: Grant Tinker, 55, whose MTM Enterprises has produced such classy fare as *Mary Tyler Moore, Rhoda, Lou Grant* and NBC's own *Hill Street Blues*. Says TV Consultant Mike Dann: "Tinker has the best reputation in the industry. He's also the first network head in 30 years who's so handsome he could star in his own series." So the show is over. And the show will go on.

Since 1978, when Silverman went to NBC after spectacular success as a programming wiz at the other two networks, his failures had come as fast and furiously as they might in a miniseries based on the story of Job. Prime time at NBC was a gutted ghetto, its Nielsen rating for the past season an anemic 16.6, compared with 19.8 for CBS and 18.2 for ABC. Daytime programming, where big money is made to the sound of soap-opera sighs and game-show squeals, was in even worse shape: of 22 daytime shows on the three networks, NBC's highest rated was 14th. Early-morning and late-night shows, once the twin props of NBC's profits, were under siege or self-destructing: *Today* took ratings heat from *Good Morning, America*; Johnny Carson cut the *Tonight* show from 90 minutes to an hour; *Saturday Night Live* was at death's door; and Tom Snyder and Rona Barrett spent as much time engaging in star wars with each other as tending to their duties on *Tomorrow*. Affiliate stations were deserting. Executives moved through NBC headquarters at 30 Rockefeller Plaza as if on a guided tour. The bottom line dropped out just before Silverman did. In 1980, when ABC earned $301 million and CBS $249 million, NBC's profits were a pitiful $75 million—half the earnings of 1977, the year before Silverman arrived.

What had gone wrong for Silverman, whose shrewd instincts once earned him the sobriquet the Man with the Golden Gut? Answer: a combination of great expectations, poor management and bad luck. When Silverman took over the network, too many people—himself included—believed he could reverse the tailspin with little more than some savvy program shuffling. But there were few winners to shuffle, and no *Dallas*-size megahits that can help a network vault from third place to first. Says Ethel Winant, Silverman's vice president of mini-series and novels-for-TV: "You can't snap your fingers and change the schedule. It takes a long time to develop a show, make a show, promote it and build an audience. Fred didn't know how hard it would be—and neither did the people who were so quick to attack."

New RCA Chief Bradshaw

Silverman in office

Successor Tinker

As if John the Baptist had been beheaded and the Messiah proclaimed.

As NBC president, Silverman was responsible for much more than prime time. There were affiliates to woo, newsmen to mollify, boardroom games to play. "Silverman tried to be a one-man band," notes Perry Lafferty, NBC's senior vice president of programs and talent on the West Coast. "But he encountered a string of bad luck—a crucial ingredient in this business. He had to cope with an actors' strike, a writers' strike and the loss of the Moscow Olympics last year." The Olympics boycott cost NBC a write-off of $33.7 million—and an invaluable opportunity to promote its upcoming fall shows. First Silverman promised that NBC would show significant improvement in the ratings by the end of 1980, then by May of this year, then by next fall. Too late. The ax was in the air, and the executioner was a former Harvard Business School professor and corporate boss.

"Brad" Bradshaw, who had been president of Atlantic Richfield (Arco) oil company for 16 years before replacing Edgar Griffiths at the helm of RCA, is known as the Mountie of American corporate chiefs: he always gets his man. This spring he was headhunting for a successor to Silverman. In May he had lunch with Tinker, whom he had never met, at Perino's in Los Angeles. "My impression was that Bradshaw was just doing his homework for his new job, getting the feel of the medium," Tinker recalled as he relaxed last week at the Hôtel La Voile d'Or on the French Riviera. "We had a relaxed, wide-ranging discussion that had nothing to do with jobs. I enjoyed meeting with him and simply went back to my office at MTM."

Bradshaw had other ideas. "It definitely crossed my mind," he says, "that if and when the time came to replace Silverman, this is the man I'd like to have." The two men met again three weeks later. "After lunch at Perino's," Bradshaw recalls saying to Tinker, "I thought you'd be the ideal person to run NBC. Is that a ridiculous thought?" "As a matter of fact, it isn't," came the reply. "Fine," said Bradshaw, "it's settled." The Silverman Era was over.

As word of the change spread along Broadcasting Row in Manhattan and through the Hollywood production centers, condolences for Silverman were mingled with hosannahs for Tinker—as if John the Baptist had been beheaded and the Messiah proclaimed on the same day. Said George Schlatter, producer of *Laugh-In* and, for Silverman, *Real People*: "Freddie is imaginative, inventive, aggressive. He tried a lot of things, but unfortunately they didn't work. But then, TV is a monster. It eats up shows, performers and executives. Grant will be taking on a tremendous amount, but there's an enormous sense of buoyance and anticipation now. Seldom has any development in this business been met with this kind of enthusiasm. There's no wait-and-see about it. Everyone says it's perfect."

James L. Brooks, a creator and producer of *Mary Tyler Moore, Rhoda* and *Lou Grant*, worked amiably with Tinker for eight years. "Grant gave us blanket approval of anything we wanted to do, not just autonomy but support," Brooks

says. "He didn't leave us alone to sink or swim. He said, 'Go ahead, and I'll call what you do swimming.' He's no Don Quixote, he's a pragmatist with a passion for quality."

Tinker, who as chairman and chief executive officer will remain based in Los Angeles, plans to carry on at NBC in the same soft-spoken, sweater-and-slacks style he brought to MTM, bolstering his authority by knowing how to delegate it effectively. A West Coast programming vice president for NBC in the 1960s, he is well aware of the new expectations for the network: Tiffany class and K mart profits. He also knows how quickly such expectations can be shattered when, say, Gary Coleman discovers puberty, or a guest on *Real People* displays his full-body tattoo of the Grand Canyon. So he speaks generously of Silverman ("I think he worked his ass off and had some bad luck") and modestly of his plans for the network. "I don't feel any great sense of urgency to change programming dramatically. But I do feel that where we've failed—all of us in television—has been in setting our sights too low. I would like to see NBC look like the MTM shows I'm proud of: *Lou Grant*, Mary's half hour, *Hill Street Blues*. If I can pursue the same course—try to attract to NBC the best creative people, make them comfortable, give them whatever help they need, and then get the hell out of the way—then I think we can do things at NBC better than they've recently been done."

At its current nadir, NBC may need more than a Tinker—the job may require a tailor, soldier and spy as well. Already there are questions about a potential conflict of interest involving MTM shows and NBC scheduling. (Bud Grant, president of CBS Entertainment, suggests that "Grant's such a straight arrow, he might even cancel *Hill Street Blues* just to show there's no favoritism.") But fate does seem to have taken a hand in his selection. Consider these quotes, all from 1974. From his then wife Mary Tyler Moore: "Grant would love to be president of a network some day." From Herbert Schlosser, then NBC's president: "Tinker's so good, maybe NBC should hire him back." From the man who headed programming at CBS: "There are five words that sum up the MTM group: taste, creativity, talent, style, originality." The speaker was Fred Silverman.

LOU GRANT TINKER (NBC, daily, from now on). *Premiere. Lou, a handsome, silver-haired, soft-spoken Ivy Leaguer, enters the rough-and-stumble world of network television, head and ideals held high. Will he make a difference? Lou: Grant Tinker. Theme song:* You Might Just Make It After All. —*By Richard Corliss. Reported by Elaine Dutka/Los Angeles and Janice C. Simpson/New York*

But Tom Decides to Stay

As the Fred Silverman saga unfolded at the corporate level last week, a play-within-a-play held the stage at NBC News. The theme was strikingly similar: Will he stay or will he go? The protagonist: boyish Tom Brokaw, 41, for five years the button-bright host of the *Today* show.

Months ago, as Brokaw approached the renewal date of his contract, he began giving his NBC bosses the jitters by holding earnest discussions with rival networks CBS and ABC. NBC, lagging in third place in the superheated evening-news ratings race, could ill afford to lose an asset like Brokaw. Just how far the network was willing to go to keep him became clear with last week's announcement that Brokaw will take over John Chancellor's anchor slot on NBC's *Nightly News*. The precedent-shattering deal was reportedly for as much as $15 million in salary and benefits over seven years, making Brokaw the highest paid TV newscaster in history.* Said a weary Brokaw when all the negotiating was over: "In a way it was the most emotional thing I have done since I decided to get married."

NBC's revamped *Nightly News* team: Brokaw, Chancellor and Mudd

There was no dearth of seductive offers. CBS reportedly talked to Brokaw about *60 Minutes* and its planned, half-hour *Up to the Minute*, an afternoon news show aimed at women. ABC News President Roone Arledge, according to one insider, "went after Brokaw money, marbles and chalk," in an attempt to sign him up for ABC's multiple-anchor *World News Tonight* team, which occasionally includes the fast-rising Ted Koppel. But NBC responded in kind. The top brass urged a willing Chancellor to give up his New York anchor position by April 1982, six months earlier than planned, to make way for Brokaw. After discussions with NBC News President Bill Small, *Nightly News* Washington Co-Anchor Roger Mudd, who went to NBC in a huff after losing the CBS anchor spot to Rather less than two years ago, waived a contractual option to be sole heir to Chancellor's position.

Finally, it was the eleventh-hour intercession of Thornton Bradshaw, the new head of NBC's parent company RCA, that seems to have convinced Brokaw. After a sleepless weekend at a retreat on Long Island—and a sharp reminder from his 13-year-old daughter at summer camp to "let me know what you decide; I don't want to have to read it in the newspapers"—Brokaw made his choice. Said he: "I have been here for 15 years. I just couldn't find enough reasons to walk out the door."

With Mudd in Washington and Brokaw in New York, Chancellor will occupy himself with special projects and add an Eric Sevareid–style commentary to the news several times a week beginning next April. NBC has also talked about extending the *Nightly News* to an hour, giving Brokaw the time and latitude to produce special reports in addition to his anchor duties. How much control Brokaw and Mudd will exert over editorial content, however, is still up in the air in NBC's front office. Brokaw is optimistic: "We're not there just to read the news."

When Brokaw takes up his expanded duties, a new, younger generation of anchormen will mostly be in place at all three networks. Says *Today* show Executive Producer Steve Friedman: "It is time for the Rathers, the Brokaws, the Koppels to take the torch. Brokaw and Mudd are going to be the Huntley and Brinkley of the '80s." But CBS News President Bill Leonard cautions that after the wooing is over, friction can develop: "It's always more complicated when people get married. There's potential for a marvelous marriage—and for all kinds of trouble."

*CBS's Dan Rather ranks second, with a reported $8 million over a five-year period.

Fizzled Boycott

Sponsors still face threat

Commercial television's Armageddon, previously announced for last week, has been postponed until further notice. After threatening for months to produce a list naming the sponsors most responsible for supporting sex, profanity and violence on TV, the Mississippi-based Coalition for Better Television abruptly announced that its proposed consumer boycott of the offending advertisers was off—for the moment. Appearing at a Washington press conference with Anti-Feminist Phyllis Schlafly and Moral Majority guru, the Rev. Jerry Falwell, CBTV head, the Rev. Donald Wildmon, explained that productive discussions with executives of the companies in question had made a boycott unnecessary. That explanation echoed the sentiment of Moral Majority Spokesman Cal Thomas: "The networks and advertisers seem to have recognized that they have a moral and ethical responsibility to the public."

The pronouncement caused bemusement—and some relief—in executive suites around the country. Studies conducted for ABC and NBC weeks ago concluded that CBTV and the Moral Majority had substantially overestimated national viewer support for their TV cleanup campaign. CBS News found that 30% of the member groups claimed by Wildmon denied that they belonged to the coalition.

Even so, some of the companies whose names came out did make gestures toward cleaning up their acts. Procter & Gamble, TV's biggest advertiser with $486.3 million invested last year for such products as Pampers and Cheer, revealed that over the past year it had withdrawn its sponsorship from some 50 episodes. SmithKline, which advertises Contac and Dietac, responded to CBTV by expressing its concern in writing to the networks. A few other companies, including Gillette, Phillips Petroleum and Dow Chemical, took the precaution of getting in touch with CBTV. The judgment conveyed to Phillips Petroleum Media Relations Representative Jim Daniels: "We were pretty good for sex, middle of the road for violence and bad for profanity."

Some advertising industry insiders are openly skeptical about CBTV's motives for canceling the boycott. Explains a Chicago media expert: "Four of the advertisers rumored to have been on the coalition's hit list represented maybe 150 different brands of merchandise. The coalition was confronted with an impossible job, boycotting all those brands effectively. I think the coalition leaders finally asked themselves, 'Why boycott ineffectively, when we can merely threaten to more effectively?' " Not surprisingly, Wildmon, Falwell and company last week said they will revive the boycott if advertisers do not shape up by the fall season. ■

Dr. Bernard Fisher in Pittsburgh: reducing recurrence rates with drugs

Medicine

Rebuke for Radical Mastectomies

Studies support limited surgery, chemotherapy for breast cancer

For almost a century, the cornerstone of treatment for breast cancer was the Halsted radical mastectomy. In this physically and often emotionally scarring operation, the breast, underlying chest muscles and lymph nodes in the armpit are removed. In the past decade, however, most doctors have recommended less drastic surgery, particularly for women whose cancer is detected early. Now a major study confirms that women with very small tumors are just as well off with limited operations that spare most of the breast tissue.

The study, conducted between 1973 and 1980 by Dr. Umberto Veronesi and colleagues at Italy's National Cancer Institute, involved 701 women with tumors less than three-quarters of an inch in diameter. About half underwent radical mastectomies; the rest had "quadrantectomies," losing only the quarter of the breast with the tumor, plus lymph nodes in the armpit. The partial mastectomy patients received radiation therapy following the operation; since 1976 drug therapy has been given to women in both groups whose cancer had spread to the lymph nodes. The results, reported in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, showed no difference between the two groups in either recurrence of disease or survival. In women with early breast cancer, an estimated 5% to 10% of the 110,000 new cases diagnosed last year in the U.S., "radical mastectomy appears to involve unnecessary mutilation," say the researchers. For women with more advanced cancers, most doctors recommend removing the breast but leaving the chest muscles intact.

The *Journal* also contained an encouraging report about the effectiveness of chemotherapy after mastectomies. A study of 1,863 women whose cancer had spread beyond the breast revealed that recurrence rates dropped when a chemical called tamoxifen supplemented an established two-drug regimen known as PF (L-phenylalanine mustard and 5-fluorouracil). The effects were most striking in postmenopausal women, a group that in the past did not seem to benefit from chemotherapy. Says the study chairman, Dr. Bernard Fisher of the University of Pittsburgh: "In women over 50 years old with multiple lymph node involvement, 45% will have a reoccurrence of disease within two years if there is no postoperative treatment. With PF we were able to cut that down to 30%. When we added tamoxifen, it went down to 5%." Tamoxifen is an antiestrogen and appears to work best in women with tumors that are dependent on the hormone. About 70% of postmenopausal women fall into this category, according to Fisher.

The *British Medical Journal*, meanwhile, carried two reports indicating that oral contraceptives do not increase the risk of developing breast cancer. In one study 23,000 women using birth control pills were compared with an equal number who had never used the contraceptive. No difference was found in the incidence of breast cancer. The other study involved 17,032 women who used either the Pill or an intrauterine device or diaphragm. Again no link was shown between breast cancer and oral contraceptives. But researchers are cautious. Breast cancer may take a long time to develop, they note, and oral contraceptives have been in widespread use only since the mid-1960s. ■

People

Champ enjoying the creature comforts of Lake Champlain

The goose-necked creature sunning itself off the shore of Lake Champlain may look like an inflatable beach toy, but there are those who insist that **Champ** is a genuine sea monster. Amateur Photographer **Sandra Mansi,** for one. Four years ago, says Mansi, she snapped Champ with her Kodak Instamatic. To see if the photo had been doctored, it was sent to the University of Arizona Optical Sciences Center for close scrutiny. B. Roy Frieden, 44, professor of optical sciences, pronounced it seeworthy. But skeptics are nettled by a number of things: 1) the possibility of a nearby sand bar that could have enabled hoaxers to plant a mechanical monster, 2) the negative has vanished, and 3) Mansi's inability to recall the spot where she took the shot. Paul Kurtz, 55, professor of philosophy at the State University of New York at Buffalo, reckons that the locals may just be feathering a Ness. "It's about as real," says he, "as Bigfoot, UFOs and the tooth fairy."

■

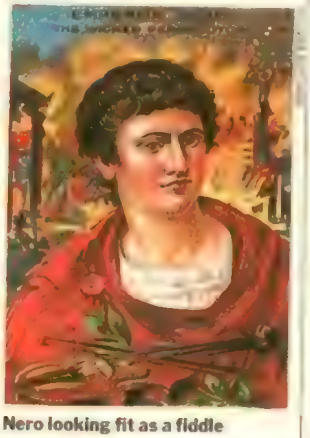
Forget **Mr. Blackwell's** "worst dressed" lists. Professors of history and politics at the Catholic University of America in Washington have taken a vote and come up with the "ten most villainous people in history," a collection of rotters guilty of sins even more grievous than wearing brown shoes with a blue suit. The envelope, please. In chronological order: **Caligula,** despotic Emperor of Rome from A.D. 37 to 41; **Nero,** full-time Emperor and sometime violinist who struck sour notes in Rome from 54 to 68; **Attila the Hun,** who led his barbaric tribe from 433 to 453; **Ivan the Terrible,** nogoodnik Tsar of Russia from 1547 to 1584; **Catherine de Médicis,** Machiavelli-mentored Queen of France from 1547 to 1589 and noted butcher of Protestants; **Abdul-Hamid II,** murderous ruler of the Ottoman Empire from 1876 to 1909; **Joseph Stalin,** Soviet leader from 1929 to 1953; **Adolf Hitler,** an automatic club member as leader of Nazi Germany from 1933 to 1945; **Mao Tse-tung,** Chinese Communist leader from 1949 to 1976; and the only living honoree, Uganda's brutish, exiled Dictator **Idi Amin.** Seven politicians, a barbarian, a lady-in-hating and a frustrated artist. But only one woman? Says Steven Schlesinger, one of the voters: "We only selected one woman not because we're chauvinists but because few women have been in a position to cause the kind of damage men have."

■

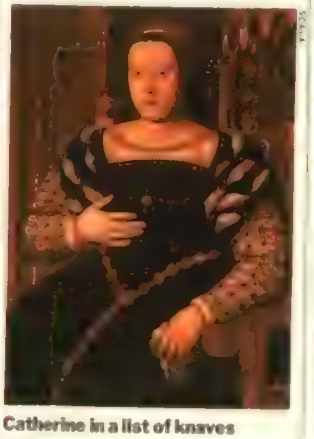
Crowned the "Queen of the Creepies" for her roles in such harem-scarems as *Halloween* and *Prom Night*, Actress **Jamie Lee Curtis,** 22, graduates to real life in her next part but still plays a victim. In the NBC-TV movie *The Dorothy Stratten Story*, Curtis will play the Playmate of the Year turned actress who was murdered last August by her husband. The daughter of Actor **Tony Curtis,** 56, and Actress **Janet Leigh,** 54, Jamie will be dressed for family viewing in the TV movie, but will show off those good family lines in a racier European version. —*By E. Graydon Carter.*

Curtis plays up centerfold staples for *The Dorothy Stratten Story*

Ivan casting a terrible stare



Nero looking fit as a fiddle



Catherine in a list of knaves

Fire and Ice at Wimbledon

Hot Mac and cool Chris prevail after a furious fortnight

In all of sport, there is no contest as self-consciously august as Wimbledon. Like a dowager duchess, Wimbledon walks hand in hand with a statelier past, revering its history, requiring homage to its traditions, never questioning its prerogatives. But in the 104th year of "The Championships upon the lawns of The All England Club," the unthinkable finally happened: Wimbledon came under attack. Players criticized the conduct of the tournament, fans erupted into a near riot, and a government committee challenged the privileges of the All England Club. The *grande dame* of tennis was, in short, told that she had become a bit tatty and changes would have to be made.

In the end, the most stunning change of all was made on Centre Court. For the first time in half a decade, Bjorn Borg was beaten at Wimbledon, and a new champion, John McEnroe, was crowned. McEnroe, whose tantrums angered the crowds and, at one point, moved officials to threaten his expulsion from the tournament, beat Borg, 4-6, 7-6, 7-6, 6-4, in a tense duel that saw two sets determined by tie breakers. The only link to the past left intact was the dominance of Chris Evert Lloyd. She won her third Wimbledon title by unnerving and outplaying Hana Mandlikova, the most gifted young player in a generation, 6-2, 6-2.

Before the U.S. sweep, Wimbledon was sent reeling by press and government inquiries into British tennis. Those investigations criticized the cozy relationship between the private All England Club, which runs the Wimbledon championships, and the British Lawn Tennis Association, to which it is responsible. Despite tournament revenues of $5 million and a requirement that the All England Club help support national tennis programs, only $62,000 trickled down to train aspiring players in 1980. Even more galling, the 375 memberships in the blueblooded club, which cost only $17.50 in annual dues, were said to be worth the equivalent of $200,000 in subsidies and perks over a member's lifetime. One side benefit: a generous allotment of Centre Court tickets that could be scalped for up to $1,200 apiece before the finals. Summed up London *Observer* Columnist Adam Raphael: "There is no reason why the members of the All England Club should live off the backs of English tennis players."

If Wimbledon officials were miffed by such ungentlemanly delving into their financial arrangements, they were outraged by the even more ungentlemanly conduct of McEnroe. The volatile lefthander from Douglaston, N.Y., brought down the wrath of fans and officialdom almost as soon as he stepped on court for his opening day match. A few unconsidered (and unprintable) words later, McEnroe was penalized two points and $1,500 for berating the umpire and breaking his racquet. The early rounds produced a stunning series of upsets—seven seeded stars fell in the first round alone—and also brought the sad spectacle of McEnroe disputing calls (and piling up more fines) in matches he had no chance of losing. In his semifinal match against Australia's Rod Frawley, he picked up another penalty point, screaming, "I always get robbed because of the umpires in this place." That proved too much for Lady Diana Spencer, who left the royal box halfway through the long and argument-marred match. The display cost him an additional $10,000 fine.

McEnroe drives a forehand; Evert Lloyd after a backhand

Though McEnroe's behavior was indefensible, his complaint was not. Tennis officiating is a fine art, requiring split-second judgments on tennis balls traveling 150 m.p.h., but at Wimbledon it is done by amateurs who only last year were required to have their eyesight checked. Players whose paychecks ride on such hairbreadth decisions find it difficult to maintain a stiff upper lip when bad calls rob them of crucial points. Tim Mayotte, 20, a surprise quarterfinalist, explains, "Yes, McEnroe is ridiculous. But umpires are making mistakes too. Ask a question, and the umpire will just turn away and say, 'Play on.' You can understand the frustration."

As usual, Borg confined his pyrotechnics to shot-making, not shouting. He needed all his guile and gifts to reach the finals in a five-set match against Jimmy Connors. Turning back the clock to his glory days, Connors, 28, played with a fury that shook Centre Court. He pounded Borg with supersonic ground strokes, winning the first set 6-0 and the second 6-4. Borg rallied to take the next two sets. Then, in the deciding set, both men lifted their games to the sublime. In the third game, Borg had four chances to break Connors' serve; each time Connors fought him off. The next game, Connors had two break points on Borg, and the Swede served two aces to win. Down 0-40 in the next game, Connors ripped off five straight points to win again. Borg finally prevailed, 6-4, and afterward declared the match "one of my greatest comebacks."

But Borg's charmed life at Wimbledon—41 consecutive match victories, five titles—finally came to an end against McEnroe. Last year the two had fought a

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titanic five-set match; this year the memory of that peerless encounter crackled above Centre Court. Both men played brilliantly, McEnroe carving the air with the most feared array of slice and spin serves in tennis, Borg retaliating with withering passing shots and precision volleys. Borg and McEnroe are so much in a class by themselves, so perfectly matched in skills and wills that when the match concluded, each had won an equal number of games, 22. But McEnroe won the two tie breakers, abrupt margins of victory in an otherwise timeless struggle. McEnroe capitalized on the server's advantage in these sudden-death situations, booming the ball across to handcuff Borg, then rushing to the net to volley for winners. His tallies in those crucial mini-matches were 7-1 and 7-4. For the beleaguered McEnroe, the victory was vindication. He even offered the officials at the All England Club an olive branch —in perfect British style: "I'm going to have a cup of tea with them later."

Among the women, this was supposed to be the year that youth was served at Wimbledon, as vouchsafed by the departure from competition of Billie Jean King, holder of 20 Wimbledon titles, whose action was limited to TV commentary. The new wave, led by Mandlikova, 19, Tracy Austin, 18, and Andrea Jaeger, 16, was touted to take over from the stars of the '70s. As if to underscore the point, the All England Club seeded Mandlikova No. 2 (despite a No. 5 rating on the Women's Tennis Association computer listings), Austin No. 3 (despite her having played only three tournaments in 1981 because of a sciatic nerve injury) and Jaeger No. 5 (despite her spending most of her time going to high school). Evert Lloyd was ranked first, but Martina Navratilova, 24, was dropped to No. 4 and was vocal about her bruised feelings. So was

Bjorn Borg lunging for a shot in the finals

After five straight titles, his reign ends.

the WTA, which lodged an official protest over the seedings. Said WTA Vice President Diane Desfor: "There are definitely two sides to this and we are right."

Compared with the fireworks on the men's side, the women's competition proceeded placidly. The only brouhaha came from spectators who, after standing in line all night for tickets, were so incensed by the cancellation of a women's doubles match that they cursed, booed and threw cushions onto the court. There were two emotional matches, however. Pam Shriver, making a comeback at 18 after a shoulder injury, defeated Austin for the first time in seven years, 7-5, 6-4. Even more dramatic was the showdown between Czech Star Mandlikova and Czech Defector Navratilova. Mandlikova played inspired tennis to beat the woman she once served as ball girl, 7-5, 4-6, 6-1.

Evert Lloyd, meanwhile, sailed serene, never losing a set. She first came to Wimbledon ten years ago, and in that long span she has never failed to reach the semifinals. Even more remarkable, she has played in the finals seven times. It is a measure of her pre-eminence that she considered a mere two Wimbledon titles a blot on her career, and she was determined to win her third. "I have been thinking about Wimbledon all year," she said. "Every match I played, every time I practiced, I said to myself, 'This is what I'm going to use for Wimbledon.' "

She dispatched Shriver in the semifinals and needed only 60 minutes to whip Mandlikova in the finals. Like Evonne Goolagong Cawley, Mandlikova is a player of vast talent and athleticism who has trouble harnessing her gifts and keeping her concentration. When she is good, as she was against Navratilova, no one can stay on the court with her; when she is bad, as she was against Evert Lloyd, most of the top players can beat her.

Since bursting on the scene at 16, Evert Lloyd, now 26, has won five U.S. Open championships, three Wimbledons and, by any measure, dominated the sport. On clay, her preferred surface, she has had winning streaks of 125 and 64 matches. At various times in her career, she has been adored as a teen-age wonder, reviled as an unbeatable superstar and written off as a burnt-out case. Through it all, she has borne herself with grace and played impeccably. For the few moments that she stood on Centre Court, the championship salver held high overhead, Wimbledon was able to forget its problems. As well it should in the presence of a queen. *—By B.J. Phillips. Reported by Ken Banta/Wimbledon*

Making a Splash

It had been a long dry spell, nearly three years without a tournament victory, for Golfer Jerry Pate. So when the drought was finally broken with a win in the Danny Thomas–Memphis Classic, Pate made up for it, striding right off the 18th green and diving into a lake in celebration. Pate, who won the U.S. Open in his rookie year (1976), had another good reason for taking the plunge: the victory made him, at 27, the youngest golfer ever to earn more than $1 million in tournament purses. "I hadn't won in so long, I wanted to make sure this one soaked in," said Pate. "I just wanted to be sure to remind myself how much fun winning is." Now golfers, who have long admired Pate's classic swing, can contemplate his equally stylish diving form.

Golfer Jerry Pate gets all wet after ending a three-year victory drought

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The Man in the Blue Denim Pants

SHOWING OFF IN AMERICA: FROM CONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION TO PARODY DISPLAY *by John Brooks; 296 pages; Little, Brown; $12.95*

As every ex-schoolboy has probably forgotten, Thorstein Veblen coined the phrase "conspicuous consumption" after examining the untaxed sachems of the Gilded Age, their mansions, yachts, gargantuan dinner parties and cyclopean stickpins. In *The Theory of the Leisure Class* (1899) Veblen did not hide his disdain for such display. He belonged to an era of sociology before it married computer science, bred statistics and headed for the neutral horizons of market research.

The sociologist as moralist peaked in the late '40s and '50s. Americans who had endured the pangs of the Depression and wartime rationing enjoyed an unprecedented feast of goods and services. Focusing on the problems of affluence more than on its benefits, Scholars David Riesman, Reuel Denney and Nathan Glazer published *The Lonely Crowd*. More lightly credentialed observers got into the act. Books such as *The Organization Man*, *Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* and *The Status Seekers* became bestsellers to a "we" generation confused about keeping up with the Joneses.

John Brooks' *Showing Off in America* attempts to explain how much more confusing the status race has become, since keeping up can now mean an ostentatious demonstration of unpretentiousness. He offers two propositions: *1. In status competition, display of wealth evolves into display of style. 2. The most effective status-seeking style is mockery of status seeking.*

Brooks calls this "parody display." His most obvious example is blue jeans, first mass-produced by Levi Strauss in the 19th century as cheap, durable work pants. This had nothing to do with Veblen's view of fashion as a weapon in class conflict. But when worn faded and threadbare by college students in the next century, a pair of Levi's flashed the word that one was secure enough to dress like an underpaid ranch hand. The parody was enriched when grimy denims became the uniform of unemployed hippies, and the current irony is that designer jeans meet Veblen's criteria for conspicuous consumption. They are expensive, unassociated with labor, and their labels are insignia for old-fashioned competitive display.

Had Brooks pushed the denim saga one more chapter, he might have come up with Thorstein Veblen jeans, preferably worn with a vicuña sweatshirt at a Rodeo Drive block party to benefit striking grape pickers. Such scenes belong to theatrical rather than routine life, though today the distinction is often blurred. Starstruck by the endless celebrity parade, a growing number of ordinary people stage self-dramatizations in public places. But are the pseudo John Travolta, roller-discoing among the pedestrians, and the orthodontist attending the U.S. Open dressed like Bjorn Borg intentionally ironic or deadly serious?

The question is too psychologically layered to be answered by Veblen's mechanistic theories. Brooks suggests that the parodic style of showing off is purest at society's extremes. There is the avant-garde's Warholian art and minority putons of majority classes, like black mockery of white manners.

Working from the top, Brooks' candidates for pioneers of the new style are Bernie Cornfeld, whose flamboyant style ridiculed the low profile of international business; Governor Jerry Brown, the Jesuit-Zen candidate who flouted the rules of politics; and George Plimpton, the upper-class New Yorker whose characterizations as a dilettante in professional sports disguised a professional writer. But what of Gloria Vanderbilt, who declassed herself to become the Duchess of Denim, and of the homosexual parodists in entertainment and fashion?

Though Brooks insists that such people are the new wave, he presents a grim picture of a static middle class trapped in social pincers. Too insecure for parody, they attempt straightforward competitive display. Warns the author: "It may drive the not-quite-rich to bankruptcy, divorce, social disgrace, and misery. It may keep the poor in poverty despite rising wages and benefits. We deal with desperate people engaged in desperate actions."

Showing off, then, is a form of competition. But if the bulk of Americans can-

Excerpt

> "Disproportionately little parody is to be found in current American speech, as distinguished from actions and gestures. Since words are the original home of parody, this may appear to be an enigma. Parody in discourse, as in writing, remains largely an elitist form, while in action and gesture it has become a democratic form. Perhaps parody in its original state is disqualified for democratic adoption by its connotations of intellectuality. To create parody, one must think; to utter buzzwords, only open the mouth and blow."

Thorstein Veblen and stylists of the new consumption, Warhol and Vanderbilt

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— Ron LaRue

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not profitably throw themselves into the game, the future of parody display may not be as bright as Brooks would have us believe. For parody is a style that feeds on the growth of conspicuous consumption, which, in turn, is dependent on optimism and a vigorous economy. Brooks does not adequately address this point. This may be due to the book's format, which is mainly a collection of previously published magazine articles that, despite reworking, still lack clear organization. Ideas are too compressed to breathe, and generalizations in one place are frequently neutralized by qualifications elsewhere. In addition, Brooks' bibliography is superficial, consisting mainly of popular books and articles. One odd omission is the name of Tom Wolfe, the nation's pre-eminent journalist of styles and manners whose term "radical chic" is used without attribution. At its best, *Showing Off in America* is provocative enough to get readers thinking of themselves as social beings after a decade of bestselling ego-lit. At its worst, the book succumbs to irony as an unwitting parody of Veblen's sociology. *—By R.Z. Sheppard*

Vanished World

FROST IN MAY *by Antonia White*
Dial; 221 pages; $4.95

"Even the fourteen-year-olds looked at least twenty with their long skirts and their neat, small waists strapped in leather belts. There were curtsies all along the passage as Mother Radcliffe passed. Most were no more than quick, springy bobs, but some were deep and slow and wonderful to watch." These are among the first observations of Fernanda Grey, who at nine embarks on the frightening experience of going to boarding school at Lippington in the last decade before World War I. And an exotic place it is, tending to the daughters of "old, great Catholic families, the frontierless aristocracy of Europe." Nanda is a bright, pretty little girl, but she has two disadvantages: she comes from the middle class (rather than the upper class), and she is a "convert," having joined the church when her father did a year earlier.

Good novels about school—like *The Catcher in the Rye* and *A Separate Peace*—are classics. Here, the common memories of childhood—fear, rebellion, shame, what Yeats called "Youth's dreamy load"—are set against the structured, unfair world of a convent school.

British Novelist Antonia White, who died in 1980 at 81, attended a school like Lippington (formal name: the Convent of the Five Wounds) with handicaps like Nanda's: she was the daughter of a classics master who had just converted to Roman Catholicism. Her autobiographical *Frost in May*, first published in 1933, has just appeared here in paperback, along with three sequels. As Elizabeth Bowen writes in the introduction, it is one of the best school novels ever written.

White's picture of Lippington is indelible. Nanda learns that each room has a name ("I was just rushing into St. Mary Magdalene without my gloves when Mother Prisca came out of St. Peter Claver and caught me"). The more pious children lay out their stockings at night in the shape of a cross. There are some hilarious set pieces. Nanda's group make their First Communion with students at the associated "poor school." Hurriedly helping one of these girls with her veil, a nun drives a safety pin through the child's ear. For the Lippington girls it is a lesson. Says Reverend Mother: "The poor little girl was in great pain, but she thought it was part of the ceremony, and . . . thought of the terrible suffering of Our Lord in wearing His crown of thorns. She might have gone about all day with that pin in her ear, if she had not fainted just now at breakfast."

Antonia White
A hard little core of self-will.

Nanda, an imaginative but docile child, is truly wounded when she finds out that for the nuns, and even her schoolmates, her new, deep faith is not good enough. The nuns, who can be shrewd judges of young folly and vanity, sometimes excuse minor infractions because they feel it takes generations to make their kind of Catholic. The girls are blunter. "When I die," says one beautiful young aristocrat, "my great uncle Cardinal de Wesseldorf and my great-great aunt the Carmelite Abbess de Wesseldorf, who had an affair with Napoleon before she entered, will say to the recording angel: 'My dear sir, you can't seriously send a Wesseldorf to hell,' and into heaven I shall go." To Nanda she observes, "You're a nicely washed and combed and baptised and confirmed little heathen, but you're a heathen all the same."

It is inevitable that Nanda should be expelled from this rarefied world. The occasion is the discovery of a novel she is writing. It is intended as a heroic celebration of God, with sundry evildoers redeemed at the climax by divine power. Alas, the manuscript, nowhere near completion, is found by a nun during a routine snoop through desks. Nanda's tearful pleas are in vain. Says Reverend Mother: "I have watched something growing in you—a hard little core of self-will and self-love." The gates clang shut.

Antonia White worked as a journalist and as a translator from the French. She wrote three more autobiographical books, which follow her heroine, now called Clara Batchelor, until she is 23. *The Lost Traveller* centers on her intense relation with her adoring but autocratic father. If Claude Batchelor lacks Dickensian vitality, he is drawn with a similar range of contradictory, deeply human strengths and weaknesses. *The Sugar House* and *Beyond the Glass*, covering a disastrous marriage and an emotional breakdown (which White also suffered), are less effective, but reflect the accuracy and honesty of the author's eye. White's weakness is for melodrama. A little of this occurs in her first novel, well covered by the hard accuracy of the setting and the characters. The conflict between father and daughter almost saves *The Lost Traveller*. The later books, which introduce cardboard men, are too high-flown. But in *Frost in May*, White wrote a permanent, crystalline book about a vanished world and a universal experience. *—By Martha Duffy*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Noble House, *Clavell (1 last week)*
2. Goodbye, Janette, *Robbins (5)*
3. The Glitter Dome, *Wambaugh (4)*
4. Gorky Park, *Smith (3)*
5. God Emperor of Dune, *Herbert (2)*
6. Clowns of God, *West*
7. The Cardinal Sins, *Greeley (7)*
8. Free Fall in Crimson, *MacDonald (6)*
9. The Covenant, *Michener (8)*
10. License Renewed, *Gardner (9)*

NONFICTION

1. The Lord God Made Them All, *Herriot (1)*
2. The Beverly Hills Diet, *Mazel (3)*
3. Richard Simmons' Never-Say-Diet Book, *Simmons (2)*
4. Cosmos, *Sagan (9)*
5. Miss Piggy's Guide to Life, *Piggy with Beard (6)*
6. The Eagle's Gift, *Castaneda (5)*
7. The Alpha Strategy, *Pugsley (4)*
8. Survive and Win in the Inflationary Eighties, *Ruff*
9. Theory Z, *Ouchi*
10. How to Make Love to a Man, *Penney*

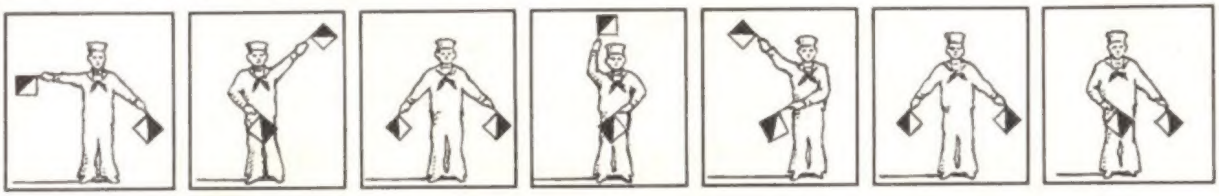
Computed by TIME from more than 1,000 participating bookstores

Essay

Why So Much Is Beyond Words

"In the beginning," says the Gospel of St. John, "was the Word." The mystical meanings that the Bible lays upon the word Word are not embraced by everyone. Yet nobody can reasonably doubt that the coming of the word, if not the Word, to humankind was the start of something big in history. Human talk may have struck dyspeptic Nathaniel Hawthorne like "the croak and cackle of fowls," but the rise of language, written and spoken, is all but universally rated as one of the glories of the species. What is surprising is that in the common give and take of daily living people still rely so little upon the verbal language that distinguishes them from the beasts.

In fact, Homo sapiens, as a communicator, does not seem to have come all that far from the time when grunts and gesticulations were the main ways of getting messages across. Both individuals and groups still send vital messages by gesture, by pantomime, by dramatics—by a dizzy diversity of what scholars call nonverbal communication. The reality is easy to overlook in an epoch that is bloated with pride in its dazzling technical marvels of communication. Yet, in spite of human garrulousness, perhaps as little as 20% of the communication among people is verbal, according to experts; most, by far, even when talk is going on, consists of nonverbal signals.



This is true of men, women, children, individually and in groups of all sizes. Nations and the realm of politics lean heavily on indirect gesture and charades to convey important messages. Take Secretary of State Alexander Haig's talks in China: Was not his actual purpose to send a signal to the Soviets? Societies signal prevalent values to their members by what is applauded and what condemned; status symbol is synonymous with status signal. "Language," said Samuel Johnson, "is the dress of thought." But all over the world people act as though language were mere costume—and usually a disguise. Everybody (evidently nobody can help it) tends to mimic that anonymous signaler cited in *Proverbs:* "He winketh with his eyes, he speaketh with his feet, he teacheth with his fingers."

This tendency to commune by semaphore has probably not increased at all in centuries, but consciousness of it surely has. A spate of books like this season's *Reading Faces* and last decade's popular *Body Language* have explored the individual's tendency to broadcast things (unconsciously and otherwise) through all manner of physical movement and facial gymnastics. Such matters, made widely familiar by pop sociology, anthropology and psychology, have become the stuff of common conversation. Michael Korda's *Power! How to Get It, How to Use It,* like other books of this ilk, is mainly a primer in how to manipulate others by a cold-blooded control of nonverbal signals that occur commonly in the workaday world: for example, how executives signal their style and presumptions of power by the clothes they choose and the way they arrange their office furniture.

At work or play, everybody emits wordless signals of infinite variety. Overt, like a warm smile. Spontaneous, like a raised eyebrow. Involuntary, like leaning away from a salesperson to resist a deal. Says Julius Fast in *Body Language:* "We rub our noses for puzzlement. We clasp our arms to isolate ourselves or to protect ourselves. We shrug our shoulders for indifference." Baseball pitchers often dust back a batter with a close ball that is not intended to hit but only to signal a warning claim of dominance. The twitchings of young children too long in adult company are merely involuntary signals of short-fused patience. Any competent psychiatrist remains alert to the tics and quirky expressions by which a patient's hidden emotions make themselves known. People even signal by the odors they give off, as Janet Hopson documents in superfluous detail in *Scent Signals: The Silent Language of Sex.* Actually, it is impossible for an individual to avoid signaling other people; the person who mutely withdraws from human intercourse sends out an unmistakable signal in the form of utter silence.

Sociologist Dane Archer calls reading such signals "social intelligence," but the phrase's greatest usefulness was probably in completing the title of his book *How to Expand Your Social Intelligence Quotient.* Urged Archer: "We must unshackle ourselves from the tendency to ignore silent behavior and to prefer words over everything else." The evidence all over is that while people meander the earth through thickets of verbiage (theirs and others), many, perhaps most, do pay more attention to wordless signals and are more likely to be influenced and governed by nonverbal messages.

Nothing but the daily news is necessary to show the reliance that rulers and nations place upon nonverbal communication. Presidents soon learn that they can hardly do anything that is not taken to be a signal of some sort to somebody. So it is, too, with the governments under them. In March President Reagan, questioned about lifting the post-Afghanistan embargo on grain sales to the U.S.S.R., told reporters that he did not see how he could do it "without sending the wrong signal" —which is exactly what critics accused him of when he did kill the embargo the next month. Why did the Senate Foreign Relations Committee reject Ernest Lefever as the nation's top human rights official? Partly because of a fear that other countries might construe support of Lefever as a signal of national sympathy for his unenthusiastic attitude toward a strong American human rights policy. Why do some defense strategists support building the MX missile at a cost of about $40 billion? Not entirely because of its possible military efficacy, but also because of what a commitment to such a system might signal the Soviet Union about U.S. resolve.

The bloody history of the world ought to be the first item of evidence in any case against relying on wordless signaling in international affairs. The opportunities for misunderstanding are immense and constant. Says Harvard Law Professor Roger Fisher, a specialist in international negotiations: "The chances of properly understanding signals in the midst of conflict is al-

Illustrations for TIME by Chas B Slackman

Essay

ways very slight." For instance, during the Iran hostage negotiations, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, intending to signal the belief that U.S.-Iran problems could be resolved, spoke of restoring "normal" diplomatic relations. Iran mistakenly took that to mean a return to things as they were under the despised Shah. Says Fisher: "Sending diplomatic signals is like sending smoke signals in a high wind."

As all but the very luckiest—or dullest—of people might testify, individual signals have a way of misfiring just as easily, with results just as calamitous if not as earthshaking. The danger of misunderstanding increases dramatically when even the most elementary signals are used by people in different cultures. The happiest of overt American signals, the circled thumb and index finger, unless accompanied by a smile, amounts to an insult in France. The innocent American habit of propping a foot on a table or crossing a leg in figure-four style could cause hard feelings among Arabs, to whom the showing of a shoe sole is offensive.

People indulge in nonverbal communication not basically to be clever or devious but because these ways of communicating are deeply embedded in the habits of the species and automatically transmitted by all cultures. So says Anthropologist Ray Birdwhistell, a pioneer in the study of kinesics, as body language is called. Other experts point out that signaling by movement occurred among lizards and birds, as well as other creatures, even before mammals emerged.

Unfortunately, no useful dictionary of gestures is really possible, since every gesture and nonverbal expression depends for meaning on the variants of both the individual using it and the culture in which it takes place. Says Anthropologist Edward T. Hall, author of *The Silent Language* and *Beyond Culture:* "Because of its complexity, efforts to isolate out 'bits' of nonverbal communication and generalize from them in isolation are doomed to failure. Book titles such as *How to Read a Person Like a Book* are thoroughly misleading, doubly so because they are designed to satisfy the public's need for highly specific answers to complex questions for which there are no simple answers."

Sooner or later, for any word lover, the human habit of wordless signaling leads to a simple question for which there is perhaps only a complex answer. The question is why has language, given its unique power to convey thought or feeling or almost anything else in the human realm, fallen so short as a practical social tool for man. The answer is that it has not. Instead, the human creature has fallen short as a user of language, employing it so duplicitously that even in ancient times the wise advised that people should be judged not by what they said but by what they did. That such advice holds good for today goes, alas, without saying.

—By Frank Trippett

Milestones

MARRIAGE REVEALED. Bill Murray, a comedian formerly in the cast of NBC-TV's *Saturday Night Live* who went on to star in such films as *Meatballs* (1979) and the current *Stripes;* and **Mickey Kelley,** a staffer for *Saturday Night Live;* on Jan. 25; in New York City.

DIED. Terry Fox, 22, who became a Canadian national hero by running halfway across the country on an artificial leg in 1980, eventually raising more than $20 million for cancer research; of cancer; in Vancouver, B.C. An outstanding soccer and basketball player before he lost his right leg to cancer in 1977, Fox began his "marathon of hope" in St. John's, Nfld., covering 3,317 miles in 4½ months, before the disease, which had spread to his lungs, forced him to abandon the venture near Thunder Bay, Ont. Said he: "I wanted to show people that just because they're disabled, it's not the end."

DIED. David Weisz, 70, international auctioneer who through his Los Angeles–based company, International Fastener Research Corp., bought and sold the Harland & Wolff Shipyards in Belfast, all the props and costumes of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in Culver City, Calif., and the Robert Hall chain of clothing stores, which he sold off individually; in Los Angeles.

DIED. George Voskovec, 76, Czech-born character actor, director and playwright who was best known in the U.S. for such Broadway roles as Einstein in *The Physicists* (1964) and Herr Schultz in *Cabaret* (1968); in Pearblossom, Calif. Voskovec directed and wrote for one of Czechoslovakia's most popular and influential theater companies before his anti-Nazi productions forced him to emigrate in 1939 to the U.S., where his screen credits included *Twelve Angry Men* (1957) and *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* (1965).

DIED. Marcel Breuer, 79, Hungarian-born designer and architect whose sculptural use of steel and concrete helped shape the furniture and buildings of the 20th century; of heart disease; in New York City. Working with Walter Gropius at Germany's famous Bauhaus during the 1920s, Breuer was inspired by the curve of bicycle handles to design his celebrated tubular steel and leather Wassily chair (named for Painter Wassily Kandinsky, one of its first purchasers). After leaving the Bauhaus in 1928, he created the simple steel and cane Cesca chair, which, like the Wassily, remains a ubiquitous furnishing today. Breuer came to the U.S. in 1937 to teach at Harvard's Graduate School of Design, where his students included Edward Larrabee Barnes, Ulrich Franzen, Paul Rudolph and I.M. Pei. A leading figure in the International style of architecture, Breuer designed such distinguished buildings as the IBM Research Center in La Gaude, France, the St. John's Abbey in Collegeville, Minn., and the Whitney Museum in New York City. "Buildings should not be moody, but reflect a general, durable quality," he once said. "Architecture should be anchored in usefulness."

DIED. Daniel Daniel, 91, for more than half a century a leading writer on baseball and boxing and a founder and former editor of *Ring* magazine; after surgery for a stomach tumor; in Pompano Beach, Fla. Daniel covered baseball from 1909, the heyday of Ty Cobb, until the 1974 World Series, which he reported for the *Sporting News,* mostly for the now defunct New York *World-Telegram* and New York *World-Telegram and Sun.*

DEATH REVEALED. Lydia Lopokova, 89, widow of Economist John Maynard Keynes and a Russian ballerina who, as a leading dancer with Serge Diaghilev's Ballets Russes from 1910 to 1929, appeared in such historic productions as *The Firebird* and *Petrushka;* on June 8; in Seaford, Sussex, in England. After marrying Keynes in 1925 (he died in 1946), Lopokova became a prominent figure in British literary and dance circles.

RABBIT 'S'

IS IT POETICALLY PRACTICAL? OR PRACTICALLY POETIC?

A keen observer of human nature once divided the world into two kinds of people—the practical and the poetic. Driving habits are a good way to tell who's who.

Practical folks are the ones who, after leaving Point A, like to plan what they'll do at Point B. To them, driving is getting there.

Poetic people roll down the window and rake back the seat. They like the sights and sounds. Motion stirs them. Driving is adventure.

How practical or poetic you are, of course, is a matter of degree. There are both kinds of people in all people. Something we think about at Volkswagen.

Which is why in pioneering the Rabbit, the most practical car design ever, we never forgot that a car should feel good.

With the new Rabbit "S", that healthy balance is even healthier.

For example, its fuel-injected 1715cc engine is 127cc's bigger than last year's Rabbit powerplant, a difference to feel in the seat of your pants. But also in your pants pocket. Those extra cc's let us tune for more torque (89.6 ft.lbs.) at lower rpm (3000). That not only improves tractability in traffic, it saves gas by allowing deeper overdrive ratios (0.91 and 0.71) in fourth and fifth gears, EPA estimated 25 mpg, 40 mpg highway estimate. (Use "estimated mpg" for comparison. Your mileage may vary with weather, speed, and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.)

You'll notice we didn't say "optional" fifth gear. A fully synchronized 5-speed transmission is standard on the Rabbit "S".

The "S" wears beefier 175/70R 13 steel-belted radial tires. They grip the road better by making contact with 14% more of it. A sporty proposition on dry pavement, and a very practical one in the rain.

And as if all-independent suspension and rack-and-pinion steering weren't enough, there's a wind-cheating front air dam. At highway speeds, it lowers air pressure under the car, pulling it down, to track more securely. Standing still, it just looks terrific.

You can use the "S"'s tachometer to match revs when down-shifting. And check the standard voltmeter, oil and water temperature gauges to monitor engine performance. If all those dials just make you feel good, so will the padded sport steering wheel.

All in all, the Rabbit "S" is as well-rounded a car, as practical and poetic, as any we've ever offered. Even its sexy red trim and sport wheel covers have a function. They serve to remind you that in buying the Rabbit "S", you're a well-rounded person.

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Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit 100's	10	0.7
Virginia Slims	16	1.0

	Tar mg./cig.	Nicotine mg./cig.
Benson & Hedges Lights 100's	11	0.8
Pall Mall Light 100's	10	0.8
Salem Lights	11	0.8
Vantage 100's	12	0.9
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